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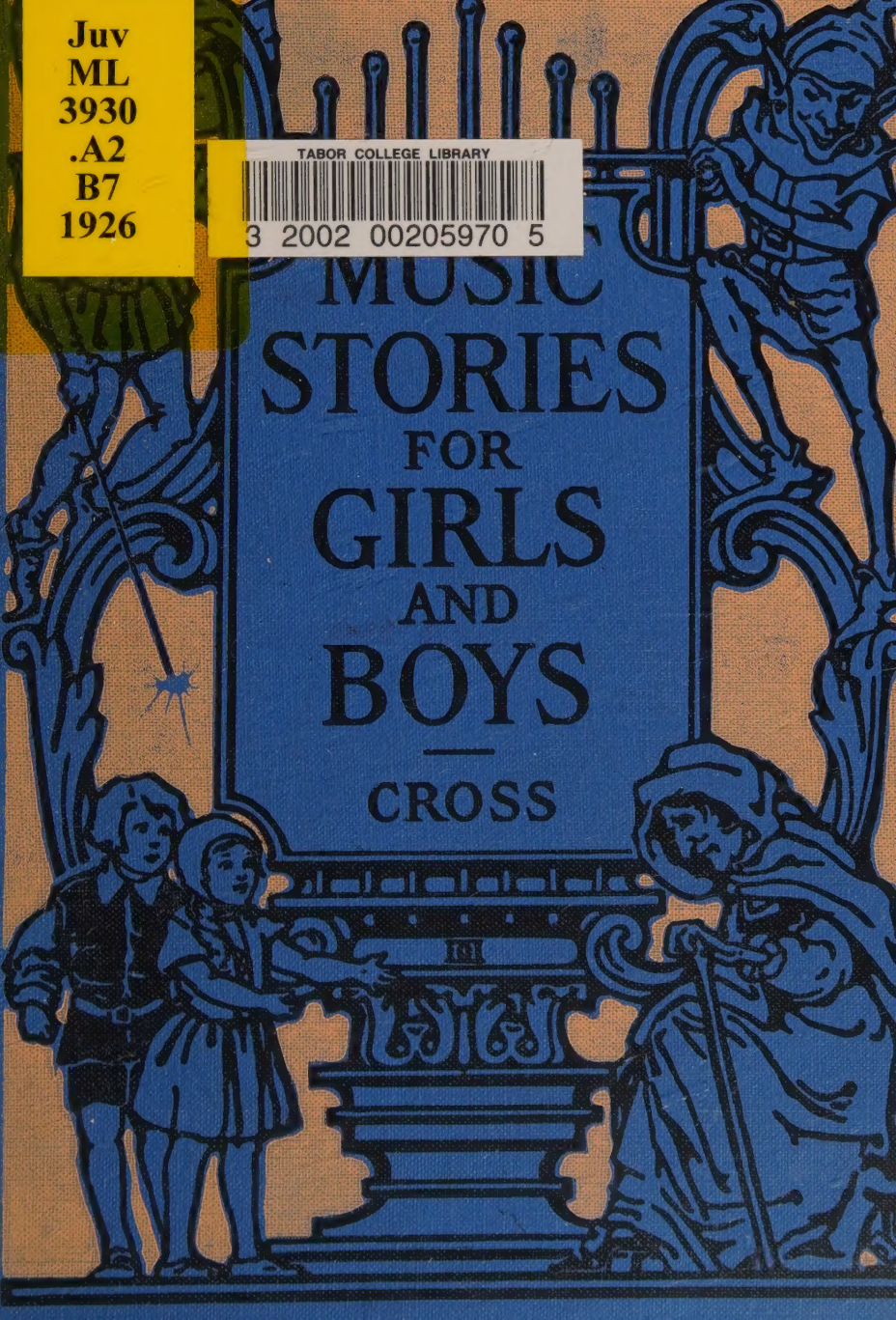

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HANSEL AND GRETEL MEET THE OLD WITCH

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MUSIC STORIES FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

BY

DONZELLA CROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY

EUGÉNIE M. WIREMAN

September 1955, 1.42

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PREFACE

This book is intended to be used as a reader in the intermediate grades, the selections having been chosen to appeal to children in the hero-worship age. During these years children should become acquainted with the literary gems which have afforded material for the compositions of distinguished music writers. Years of experience in teaching the subject of music appreciation in the public schools have convinced the author that children can with genuine pleasure learn through reading-lessons the legends, myths, and traditions which have inspired the works of great composers of music.

The educational purpose of this reader is to acquaint the child with some of the fascinating tales which have prompted composers to write certain pieces of program music, to the end that through the story appeal the foundation may be laid in early childhood for the enjoyment of music, and a desire be created to study the subject. The sociological purpose of this book is to help to provide resources for a wholesome leisure, by aiding both children and adults to acquire such an understanding and appreciation of music that they will seek and enjoy as recreation the spiritually uplifting influence of music in home and concert hall.

MUSIC STORIES FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

"Music Stories for Girls and Boys" includes stories of the leading vocal and instrumental selections of the well-known composers of Russia, Norway, Italy, France, the United States, and many other countries. The material has been carefully chosen to include the largest possible variety of literary styles and forms of music expression. For example, legends, myths, fairy tales, Indian stories, and other types of literature are represented through opera, suite, ballet, symphonic poem, ballad, and other music-forms.

The attention of teachers is called to numbers scattered throughout the book. These refer to the index of music selections which can be used, when convenient, with these stories.

Some of these selections can be sung by the children; others can be played on the piano by a child or by the teacher. Nearly all of them can be secured on phonograph records and player rolls. The music, though not necessary, enhances the educational value of the book.

DONZELLA CROSS

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HANSEL AND GRETEL

Opera by Humperdinck

Hansel and Gretel at Home

IN A SIMPLE thatched cottage in Germany lived Peter, a poor broom maker (1). Though he seldom had enough to eat and sometimes not enough clothes to protect himself from the cold, still he was happy. For, indeed, had he not good reason to be thankful? He had a faithful wife, Gertrude, who helped him to make brooms, and two lovely children, Hansel and Gretel, the joy of his life.

Gretel was a pretty little girl with bright blue eyes and long golden braids of hair which hung below her waist. Her sweet smile revealed a dimpled cheek; her laughing eyes, a cheerful disposition.

Hansel, the boy, had soft gray eyes and touseled light hair that hung down to his shoulders. He was not so light-hearted as Gretel, and his face was usually pale and serious.

One day, as was the custom, Peter went to the village to sell his brooms. While he was away his good wife worked in the field gathering bunches of grass to make more brooms. Before starting, Peter called Hansel to him.

"My boy," he said, "work on this broom I have started. Have it finished when I get back."

His wife said to Gretel: "My dear little daughter, mother wants you to be busy knitting this stocking. Try to have it several inches longer by the time mother gets back."

Hansel and Gretel kissed their parents good-by, promising to be very good children and to work hard all day. But they grew tired. It was almost noon, and they were very hungry, but there was not a bite of food in the house. Gretel, making the best of her lot, said to Hansel, "Let's sing a song; then we shall forget how hungry we are."

Together they sang this nursery rime:

"Susie, little Susie, oh, what is the news?
The geese are going barefoot because they've no shoes.
The cobbler has leather and plenty to spare,
Why doesn't he make all the poor geese a pair?" (2)

But that did not drive away the pains of hunger. Hansel sat brooding, almost ready to cry.

Gretel, seeking to cheer him, remarked, "Heaven will take care of us, Hansel."

Her brother, who had not the faith of Gretel, answered sadly: "Maxims are good, sister, but they can't be eaten. It has been so long since I've had any eggs, butter, bread, or cake that I've forgotten what they taste like."

By this time Gretel was a little out of patience and grumbled, "You are an old crosspatch and act like a goose."

Not wishing to be scolded further by his sister, Hansel stopped complaining. Gretel, who was pleased over his

change of disposition, whispered in his ear, her eyes beaming, "I've a secret, brother."

"What is it?" inquired Hansel, half-heartedly.

"A kind neighbor brought us a jug of fresh milk this morning. When mother returns she will surely make us a nice rice porridge," said Gretel with delight.

The very thought that there was food in the house drove away Hansel's feeling of hunger. He danced gayly about the room, singing of fresh milk. He even dipped his fingers into the cream gathered at the top, determined to get a taste of it. Gretel caught him licking his fingers and gave him a rap on the back for his greediness.

"Get to work on your broom," she ordered.

But Hansel did not obey. Instead, he continued to dance about the room, and Gretel, quite unable to resist, joined him. She chided him for his clumsiness and taught him how to dance several pretty steps gracefully (3). Round and round the small room the two danced and whirled until they were dizzy. Then they both took a hard tumble and lay sprawling on the floor. Each looked foolishly at the other and laughed.

They had been making such a noise that they had not heard their mother's footsteps as she came up the stony path which led from the gate to the door of their humble cottage. She opened the door and looked around.

"What is all this noise about?" she demanded.

Hansel looked at Gretel, and Gretel stared at Hansel, but neither said a word. Their mother picked up the stocking and examined it. Only a few rows had been knit. Then

she looked at the broom and discovered that Hansel had added only a few straws to it. Turning toward the silent children, she spoke in a scolding voice, "Why did my children not do the work they were told to do?"

And like some other brothers and sisters, each blamed the other.

"Hansel wouldn't work, mother. When I told him to get busy making the broom he paid no attention, but danced about the room," said the girl.

"Gretel danced too, mother. She even taught me some new steps," answered Hansel, defending himself.

"Shame on you two for idling your time away while your poor parents were toiling to get food and clothes for you ungrateful children," said their mother.

Hansel, who was the nearer, received a box on the ears. By this time being very cross, the mother ran quickly to the chimney corner to get a stick. In her excitement she tipped over the jug of milk. With it went the last hope of supper.

Hansel, though hungry, had to put his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing out loud at his mother's awkwardness and her indignation over spilling the milk and splashing it on her only good dress.

More angry than ever, she handed a big basket to the children and pushed them out of the door. Frowning and scolding she said: "Go to the woods, you two. Don't dare come back until that basket is filled with strawberries. I'll whip you both soundly unless it is filled to the very top."

The two children skipped away toward the forest as fast as they could go.

The Return of Peter

After the children were gone, their mother sat down exhausted. Looking at the broken bits of her favorite jug scattered over the floor, she said, "Too bad! too bad!" Then, motherlike, she began to worry over her children because there was neither milk in the jug nor bread in the cupboard, and they had gone away hungry. Weary and sad she laid her head upon the table and soon fell fast asleep.

In the distance the jolly voice of the contented Peter was heard singing a gay song, the chorus of which was "Tra-la-la-la-la." He slipped quietly up to the window to see who was in the house before he entered. Hearing no sounds whatever, he opened the door gently and looked all round while he sang a happy song about how few the needs of a poor man were. On his arm he carried a big basket filled with all kinds of good things to eat. He was happy because he had such a pleasant surprise for his family.

He shook his wife to awaken her and, putting down his basket, shouted joyfully, "Gertrude, see what I have brought home!"

Peter had sold several brooms that day and had spent all the money he had received to buy food for his needy family.

Gertrude, startled out of a sound sleep, looked up rather

crossly at her husband, who, fearing a scolding from his wife, opened the basket.

"Just look, Gertrude, at all I have brought you," he said, as he rolled the contents of the big basket out upon the floor. She could hardly believe her eyes. Butter, flour, eggs, ham, sausage, potatoes, carrots, beans, lay in a pile before her. On top of the heap was a green box containing a whole pound of her favorite brand of tea. This made Gertrude so happy that the frown quickly fled, and she smiled at her husband. Seizing his wife by the arm, the two danced merrily round the pile of food, singing, "Now we shall have a jolly time" (4).

Gertrude then put the groceries away and began to get supper. As she hurried about the kitchen, Peter was busy telling her how he happened to sell so many brooms that day. When he had finished his story, he settled down in his big chair to enjoy a smoke. Realizing that the children were nowhere to be seen he called out anxiously to his wife, "Oh, Gertrude, where are Hansel and Gretel?"

"Hansel was a naughty boy today and caused me to upset the milk and break my best jug," she wailed.

Lifting his shut fist high and letting it drop on the table with a bang, Peter said angrily: "Those two children are becoming scapegraces. Lately they are always getting into mischief."

Then Gertrude told Peter how she had spilled the milk and broken the jug in trying to get the stick with which to punish the naughty children. The more she scolded, the funnier it seemed to Peter.

"Where can my children be?" he asked in a worried tone. "It is almost dark; they should be home."

"They are in the woods of Ilsenstein picking strawberries," answered his wife.

Peter was so startled by this information that he jumped up from his chair and began to walk excitedly about the room, wringing his hands and saying over and over, "Oh, my poor children!"

Gertrude, unable to understand his grief, asked him why he was so excited. Still walking wildly about the room, he asked, "Oh, do you not know of the witch who lives in Ilsenstein wood, the terrible, gobbling ogress who haunts the forests there?"

Jerking down a broom from the wall, he galloped about the little kitchen, showing his wife how the witches sat on their broomsticks as they rode through the Ilsenstein forest at midnight.

Continuing his story, he said: "Their mistress is the terrible old witch who goes stalking about looking for children tender and fat; and as she peeks under the bushes and behind the rocks she makes a munching sound as though she were already at her feast. With smiles and promises she entices the children into her house. Then she pops them into a hot oven, where they are baked into sweetmeats for her dinner."

Poor Gertrude was so terrified at the tale he had told that she ran wildly out of the house to search for her children, and Peter rushed after her to help find their loved ones.

Night in the Forest of Ilsenstein

The setting sun colored the western sky behind the forest of Ilsenstein. Under a fir tree Gretel sat weaving a garland of roses. Among the bushes close by Hansel hunted for strawberries. His sister, as she wove the many-colored flowers into a wreath, sang gayly:

"There's a funny little man, as tall as he is round.
He wears a pretty coat made of finest velvet brown;
I wonder who this little man can be,
Standing so still beneath that fuzzy tree;
His hair is golden; his cheeks they are red,
A cap of black he wears upon his head!" (5)

She held up the finished wreath to admire it as Hansel emerged from the bushes.

Hansel boastingly said to his sister: "Ha! my basket is filled with ripe red strawberries. I'm sure my mother will be pleased."

Laughing, Gretel tried to put the garland of flowers on Hansel's head. He objected to this, saying that wreaths of flowers were for girls and not for boys. He then picked a bouquet of wild flowers. Handing them to his sister, he bowed low, announcing, "Now you are queen of the woods." They both laughed at this fancy.

By this time they were both hungry, so they began eating the strawberries. A bird from a tree close by called out "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" Hansel and Gretel had a lot of fun imitating him, calling back "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" As the basket became nearly empty the two started to quarrel

over the strawberries (6). Each claimed the other had eaten more than his proper share. Hansel settled the argument, however, by eating the last of the berries himself.

Gretel, fearing her mother's displeasure if they went home with an empty basket, suggested to Hansel that they both hunt for strawberries and fill the basket again.

But in the woods, with the darkness rapidly approaching, it was difficult to find the berries which had shone so temptingly red only a short time before. Moreover, Gretel was afraid, and whispered to Hansel as she hung to his arm, "I wish we had gone home earlier." Hansel, being a boy and feeling the responsibility of taking care of his sister, tried to be very brave, but he admitted that he did not know the way home. As the darkness of night settled round them they both realized that they were lost in the depths of the forest.

All sorts of strange sounds came to their ears and frightened them. A friendly hoot owl called out "To-whoo! to-whoo!" As it grew darker Gretel became more and more afraid. In her imagination she could see wild animals and strange creatures lurking in the brush.

"Oh, brother! I hear a tiger in the bushes," cried the frightened Gretel as she clung tightly to Hansel's arm.

Being very brave, Hansel called out, "Who's there?" A toad came hopping out of the brush.

"See," said Hansel, trying to be very calm, "there is nothing to hurt us. It is only a toad."

Gretel released the hold on his arm.

Just then a shrill "Cuckoo" came from a neighboring tree, and Hansel jumped up in the air, his little heart pounding loudly against his chest.

A mist settled over the forest. Out of the fog Gretel imagined she could see troops of ghosts and goblins grinning, all ready to devour her. She shrank back and cowered down behind her brother for protection. They sat huddled closely together under a big fir tree.

As the fog lifted somewhat, Hansel saw approaching a little gray man with a bag on his shoulder. Neither he nor Gretel was the least afraid of this kindly old man. He was the sleep fairy who carried dust to drop into sleepy eyes. Coming up to the children, scattering his magic powder, he lulled them to sleep with this soft lullaby:

"My office is to bring sweet sleep
And o'er each child my vigils keep.
The little ones I dearly love,
And peace I call for them, above.
By their beds I softly stand
And close each eye with friendly hand,
Angels guard them when I leave.
Sweet thy slumber be this eve;
Thus a tender watch I keep.
Sleep, little sister,
Sleep, brother, sleep!" (7)

When the sleep fairy had gone away, the children knelt on the soft earth and together recited this evening prayer that their mother had taught them:

"When at night I go to sleep
Fourteen angels watch do keep:
Two my head protecting,
Two my feet directing,
Two do guard me on the right,
Two upon my left in sight,
Two there are who warmly cover,
Two above me always hover,
Two to whom the word is given
To guide my steps to heaven" (8).

After the prayer they lay down on the velvety moss and were soon fast asleep.

Such a beautiful dream they had (9)! The fog gradually lifted from the forest and rolled itself into fluffy clouds in the western sky. A light from above illumined the clouds. Lo! a golden stairway was built from the earth to the sky. Fourteen angels floated down the celestial stairs, while heavenly choirs sang beautiful music. As they reached the earth the angels tripped lightly through the trees straight to the very place where Hansel and Gretel lay sleeping. Two white-robed angels, taller than the rest, stood perfectly still by the sleeping children, while the other twelve, dancing gracefully, circled about them. There they remained until dawn to protect the children from any harm which might befall them.

Gradually the morning light crept through the mist. Dew Man, the Dew Fairy, appeared. In his hand he carried a bluebell heavy with dewdrops. Lightly, on his toes, he tripped up to the children. As he shook the dewdrops

from his bluebell upon the still faces of Hansel and Gretel, he sang this song:

"I am up with the break of dawn
To greet with joy the golden morn;
I bid the children to arise.
Dingdong! dingdong!
The waking bell is ringing,
The birds begin their singing.
I gather dew from flowers,
And scatter thus in showers.
Awaken now, the dawn is here;
Be up, enjoy the morning cheer (10).

The Dew Fairy skipped away before the children could stir. Gretel was the first to awake. She rubbed her sleepy eyes and sat up. At first she could not understand why she was in the woods. Hansel shook the dewdrops of the Dew Fairy off his eyelids and, just like a boy, turned over to go to sleep again. Birds twittered all about them. The call of the cuckoo did not scare them now at all. Gretel, turning to Hansel, shook him and said, "You lazy sleepy-head, wake up." As he did not answer, she tickled his ear with a leaf, which made him jump up with a start.

"In all my life I never had a better sleep," he told Gretel. "I had such a wonderful dream. Fourteen angels came tripping down the golden stairs from heaven, and—"

But here Gretel interrupted him, "I too had the same dream, Hansel."

So real the dream seemed to them that they both walked to a clearing in the forest where they could view the

western sky. They fully expected to see the golden stairs stretching from the earth to heaven.

The Capture of Hansel and Gretel by the Old Witch

As they stood silently, hand in hand, peering up into the west, expecting to see angel faces in the billowy clouds, Hansel suddenly spied the dim shape of a house through the fog. Hardly believing his eyes, he stood staring at it. Gretel, observing the astonished expression on his face, began to peer in the same direction.

"Maybe it is only a vision, like the golden stairs," whispered Gretel to her brother.

But an enticingly sweet odor of gingerbread soon convinced her that a house must be really there. They danced about, singing:

"A beautiful cottage of chocolate cream,
As radiant and rich as a Turkish dream;
And look! around it a gingerbread fence,
And tarts in abundance, worth many a pence.

"O castle of magic, can it be true?
It gives me a hunger; does it not you?
The princess who lives there happy must be,
Such good things to eat and so much to see!
If she did but know of our cottage so bare,
No doubt she'd invite us her dainties to share."

As the children came nearer to the strange-looking house they began to wonder who lived in it. From each side of it extended a gingerbread fence, the posts of which were

figures that looked like gingerbread girls and boys. Outside in the yard was a large cage. The children crept slowly and softly on tiptoe up to the fence. Hansel took hold of the fence experimentally with his thumb and forefinger. "Oh," he gasped, as a soft, fragrant crumb of real gingerbread fell into his hand. Eagerly then he broke off a large piece and began to eat. Gretel, ever cautious, did not take a piece at first. Hearing a voice in the house so startled Hansel that he dropped his piece of cake and stared at Gretel.

Summoning all her courage, Gretel said bravely: "Oh, that was just the wind. Don't be afraid." To encourage Hansel further she broke off a piece of the gingerbread fence and began to munch it. Soon they were both eating as fast as they could swallow, for, you know, they had gone supperless to bed; and as they ate they broke off larger and larger pieces of the tasty cake.

"My, aren't we lucky to find such a wonderful place," said Hansel.

"Indeed we are," mumbled Gretel, her mouth stuffed with cake.

But their joy was short. The door of the cake house opened, and a terrible old witch put out her head. The children were so busy laughing and talking and passing huge pieces of gingerbread to one another that they did not see her at first. The witch closed the door gently. From its place on the wall she pulled down the long rope with which to catch the unsuspecting pair who were enjoying a breakfast on her fence.

Slowly she opened the door again and, creeping forward until she was close behind the children, threw the rope about Hansel. Then she seized Gretel by the arm. Both screamed as loud as they could, but there was no one to hear them. They struggled and struggled to get away, but the old witch held them fast. Dragging them toward the door of her house, she muttered:

"Angels both you surely are,
Goosey-ganders for a pair.
To visit me, it is so nice!
Now I will cook you in a trice!
Do not worry so, my dears;
I will calm your anxious fears.
Children two so plump and neat
Must be very nice to eat."

In a coaxing voice the wicked old witch said: "Come into my house, dear children. I will give you tarts, raisins, nuts, candy, and all the other good things girls and boys like to eat."

Hansel was afraid to say a word. Gretel thought the old witch too friendly for honest purposes.

"I love little rosy-cheeked girls," said the old witch, patting the soft golden braids of Gretel. "In my house are toys, drums, dolls, and all kinds of playthings. Come in, dear children."

But Hansel and Gretel still feared the awful-looking creature, despite her kind words. They managed to get free from her grasp and run away. But they did not get far, because the old witch followed them. Lifting her

magic stick, she waved it over the fleeing children. Three times to the left and three times to the right she swung her wand as she pronounced, "Hocus, pocus, by the witch's charm." This wove a spell over the children, and they could not move.

Then the old witch led Hansel to the cage in the yard and shut the lattice door upon him so he could not get out. Gretel stood motionless until the witch came back for her and led her into the house. As they passed by the cage, Hansel whispered to Gretel: "Watch every move of the old witch. Pretend to do everything she asks of you."

So Gretel was very obedient, which pleased the old witch immensely. Leaving her in the house, she returned to Hansel. She set before him a basket containing candy, nuts, raisins, cookies, and other good things dear to the heart of a boy. As she fed them to him she sang this magic rime:

"I'll stuff him full of sweetest food
That'll please him well and make him good."

When Hansel had eaten his fill, the witch returned to Gretel. She waved an elder branch above the girl's head, pronouncing the same magic words, and the spell was gone.

As Gretel was more plump than Hansel, the witch decided to begin her feasting on the girl. Opening the door of the stove, she piled much wood upon the fire, singing gayly about the fine feast she would soon have. Rubbing her hands joyfully, she told of how while Hansel was asleep she would creep up behind Gretel and push her into

the oven. In her wild delight she seized a broom and galloped about the room and out into the yard (11). As she passed Hansel's cage she tickled him under the chin with a birch branch, saying,

"Show your tongue and expose your thumb."

Being very anxious for Hansel to get fat enough for her to eat soon, she called to his sister, "Gretel, bring your brother another basket of nuts and candy, cookies, and raisins."

When Gretel had completed her task, the witch said to her, "Now, my dear, go into the house and wait for me."

But Gretel, fearing some injury to her brother, took only a few steps toward the house; then she suddenly turned, getting behind the witch, who was so occupied with feeding Hansel that she did not see her. Gretel picked up the witch's branch of fir and waved it over the head of Hansel, softly pronouncing the magic words, "Hocus, pocus, by the witch's charm." The old witch punished Gretel by stuffing her mouth so full of raisins that she almost choked. Leading her into the house, she opened the oven door. Coaxingly, in her sweetest voice, the wicked old witch said:

"Peep in the oven, my pretty one,
And see if the gingerbread is done."

Gretel, by waving the fir branch over Hansel's head, had broken the witch's fatal spell, and he was able to unlock

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the cage and escape. Creeping into the house to protect his sister, he whispered into her ear:

"Be careful now, whate'er you do,
The witch we'll make into a stew."

Gretel pretended to be very stupid, and so the witch stood on tiptoe and bent forward, showing Gretel just how to peep into the oven. The girl stood on tiptoe, but as she bent forward she fell down purposely.

"Oh, I'm such a silly goose," she said. "You show me how again, dear old witch, and I'll try not to be so clumsy next time."

Then the witch opened the oven door and leaned far forward, as she wanted Gretel to do afterwards, and the children gathered all their strength and pushed with all their might against the old witch, so that she toppled over, right into the oven. Quickly they shut the door tight, so that she could not get out. Then they danced gayly about the room (12), tasting of all the dainty sweets they could find. Not content with only eating, they concluded to carry away all they could. So Gretel stood outside while Hansel threw nuts, candy, and many other goodies out of the window into her apron, which she held out to receive the precious bits.

The Rescue of Hansel and Gretel

Meanwhile the fire burned fiercely. Soon, with a bang, the oven door popped open, and the house was wrecked. This so frightened the children that they dropped all the

goodies. As they stood watching the ruins a crowd of children gathered about them.

"Where did they come from?" asked Gretel in surprise.

"I don't know," replied Hansel, shaking his head.

These girls and boys who stood perfectly still with closed eyes were gingerbread children who had been placed under the magic spell of the witch. Hansel, not knowing what to do, stood and silently stared at them. Gretel, being more curious than her brother, touched the child nearest her. To her surprise the little girl opened her eyes, looked about, and began to skip around the others. Hansel then realized that these unfortunate children had been bewitched by the terrible old ogress and made into gingerbread. So he picked up the fir branch and waved it three times to the left and three times to the right above the gingerbread children, repeating, "Hocus, pocus, by the witch's charm."

Every little child opened his eyes at once. Overjoyed with their liberty, the children danced about Hansel and Gretel, who had freed them from the witch's spell (13).

Now Peter and his wife had been wandering all night and day in the wood of Ilsenstein, seeking their children. Guided by the songs and shouts of the happy gingerbread children, they found their dear ones. They embraced them again and again as they gave thanks to Heaven.

Two of the gingerbread children dragged the crisp remains of the old witch out of the ruins. Peter exclaimed:

"Children, see the wonder wrought!
How the witch herself was caught."

The children danced gayly about the ruins, celebrating their freedom. Peter and his wife offered a hymn of thanksgiving because Hansel and Gretel had been delivered safe to them.

The boys and girls were glad to be real children again, instead of gingerbread children, and they too joined in singing the hymn of gratitude (14).

When the prayer was ended, Hansel and Gretel, with their father and mother and the gingerbread children, left the wood of Ilsenstein and journeyed to their homes.

NARCISSUS (15)

Nevin

ECHO was a beautiful nymph who lived in the woods. She was fair to look upon and possessed many virtues. But unfortunately she had one great fault —she talked too much. Whether in friendly conversation or argument she *would* have the last word. For this failing Juno, queen of gods, passed sentence upon her in these words: "You shall forfeit the use of your tongue except for the one purpose you are so fond of—*reply*. You shall still have the last word, but shall have no power to speak the first."

Not long afterwards it happened that Narcissus, a noble youth, became separated from his companions while hunting, and was lost in the mountains. From her place in a hollow tree trunk Echo watched him. She admired his splendid appearance and wished very much for an opportunity to speak to him.

Seeking his companions Narcissus called out, "Who's here?"

Echo replied "Here."

Narcissus looked about him in every direction, but no one was to be seen. He called out again, "Come!"

Echo answered, "Come."

She hastened to the spot. Being unable to speak a word, she could not even tell Narcissus who she was. He, not understanding her silence, turned and walked away. Had he spoken even a word to her she could have talked to him, for she could speak last, but not first.

Poor Echo! Broken-hearted, she hid herself among the caves and mountain cliffs. In time she faded away with grief until there was nothing left of her but her voice. But even to this day she is ready to reply to anyone who calls her, and she keeps up her old habit of having the last word.

But Narcissus was not to go unpunished for his cruelty to the lovely nymph Echo. While searching for a trail which would lead him back to his comrades he came upon a quiet pool. The water was clear and silvery. No mountain goats, sheep, or beasts of the forests had ever drunk from this pool, for the grass grew high around it, sheltering it from the sun.

The day was very warm. Narcissus was tired and thirsty. He stooped down to drink the cool, refreshing water and saw his own image staring up at him. He thought it was some beautiful water spirit living in the secluded pond. For hours and hours he lay very still, admiring the golden curls, the rosy cheeks, and the bright eyes of the water spirit. Night came, and the pale moon rose. Though many days and nights passed, he would not leave to get food or rest. Little by little the color left his cheeks, his eyes became dull, his face grew thin, and he pined away and died.

The elves of the forest and the water nymphs mourned for him. When they came to bury him, his body was nowhere to be found; but in its place grew a lovely flower which they called by his name, Narcissus, in memory of him.

Ever since that day the narcissus has grown in shady places near quiet pools, and it bows its pretty head to admire its reflection in the still water.

VIVIANE (16)

Symphonic Poem by Chausson

LONG years ago in France, then called Gaul, there lived in the forest of Broceliande a beautiful maiden whose mother was the lovely fairy godmother of the valley. This maiden's name was Viviane, which means "I shall do nothing." Calling Viviane to her one day, her mother spoke this prophecy: "Three great gifts shall be yours, my dear child. You will be loved by the wisest man in the whole world; you will learn of him the greatest wisdom; he will always obey you, but he can never force you to obey him."

Now, it happened that at this time the king of Little Brittany was held in prison by his enemies. King Arthur, upon hearing of the sad plight of his friend, gathered an army to go to Brittany to rescue him. On such expeditions Arthur's wise man, Merlin, always went with him.

Merlin was the wisest man of his time. His fame has lived to this day. He could be an old man with a long beard, a handsome youth, or even a child if he wished. In an instant he could change himself into any sort of person he wished to be. After the king of Brittany had been freed, Arthur commanded Merlin to carry the news of victory to the home country. On the way it was neces-

sary for him to pass through many deep woods. Before entering the forest of Broceliande he assumed the shape and dress of a young student. Coming upon a beautiful spring, he sat down to drink of its cool water and to rest on its green banks. Soon a beautiful girl came forth from the bushes close by to get water from the spring. As she walked slowly along the path she did not notice the handsome youth admiring her from his resting-place. When she stooped to fill her pitcher with the fresh water, he spoke in a quiet tone, "Stranger, who are you?" But she did not answer. "If you will sit down by me," he went on to say, "I shall tell you wonderful stories."

Viviane listened wide-eyed while Merlin related strange tales of his travels, the brave knights he had encountered, and the battles he had fought. She marveled at his great knowledge, and pondered over and over in her mind the prophecy of her mother, "You will be loved by the wisest man in the whole world." Surely this youth cannot be he, for the wisest of men must be old and experienced, she assured herself.

"What do you wish for?" asked the youth.

"I should like to see the knights of whom you speak," she replied.

And behold! a long procession of knights dressed in armor passed before her.

"Is there anything else you desire?" the youth asked with pride.

"I have long wanted a garden round the spring," said she demurely.

As she looked around, her astonished eyes beheld flowers, vines, and bushes springing up all about her.

Suddenly remembering that he had a message to deliver for Arthur, Merlin jumped to his feet.

"I must be on my way," said he. "I shall return in a year and teach you all I know."

The year went by slowly. Each day Viviane returned to the spring, hoping to find the brilliant youth who had promised to be her teacher.

On the eve of St. John's Day the wizard Merlin, again disguised as a youth, returned to Viviane. As he had promised, he patiently schooled her in his magic wisdom. He taught her to make water run where it had not run before, to change herself into any person she wished to be, and to put to sleep whomever she pleased; in fact, he kept none of his wonderful art a secret from her.

Lest his king should think him lost, he left her again to join Arthur's court. But very often he returned to the forest to visit with her and instruct her further with his master mind. She did not know, of course, that the handsome youth was in reality the famous wizard Merlin, the wisest man in all the world.

Arthur was much mystified by the frequent absences of Merlin, and sent messengers into the forest to follow him and discover whether or not some strange enchantress lured him away from the court. But even his friends were unable to recognize him, for he masked as a young student, and the mystery only deepened.

In this same forest there lived in a cave an old hermit,

Blaise. In his journey to and from the spring Merlin frequently stopped to visit with the kindly old man, and they became very warm friends. One day the hermit, who knew the secret of Merlin, gave him some advice.

"Young man," said he, speaking slowly and wrinkling his brow, "I fear you are in danger."

"Why should I be afraid?" inquired the youth in a bold tone.

"You have taught Viviane so well that soon she will be as wise as you. Perhaps she will use her powerful knowledge to keep you her prisoner," suggested the hermit.

"Perhaps," replied the youth, shrugging his shoulders.

"Then why do you go into danger?" asked the hermit.

"I go," replied Merlin, "because I promised to teach her all wisdom. She shall know all I know."

The good hermit pleaded with him to leave the forest of Broceliande and never return to it again. Though Merlin was deeply touched by the devotion of his hermit friend, he did not heed his warning.

"I do not wish to defend myself," said Merlin, "for I love Viviane. I must be on my way. Farewell, my friend."

The elderly hermit wept as he embraced the youth, who also wept. The old hermit watched him until he was lost among the trees as he followed the trail to the spring.

When Merlin told Viviane of the advice of the hermit, she was seized with the fear of losing her companion, and pondered over and over in her mind how she could hold him.

In one of the first lessons Merlin gave Viviane she

learned how to put to sleep anyone she wished. This, she concluded, would be the best means of keeping the learned young man of whom she had grown so fond.

One day as they sat on the green grass beneath a hawthorn bush, Viviane wove the sleeping-spell upon the unsuspecting Merlin. Unnoticed she arose and, taking off her scarf, twined it nine times around the hawthorn bush and cast nine spells, as Merlin had taught her. Then she sat down beside him to watch the working of the charm, while she bound him with the flowery branches of the hawthorn bush. He gradually became drowsy and soon fell fast asleep upon the grass. For a long time he lay there, motionless, while Viviane kept watch, wondering whether or not he was truly bewitched or only asleep.

When Merlin opened his eyes, the forest, the garden, the bush of hawthorn, all had disappeared. He found himself lying on a bed of flowers in a strange and beautiful land.

"Here we shall live always," said he to Viviane.

"Here we shall live always," she repeated. "I shall never leave you." And she kept her word to him.

After many weeks had passed and Merlin did not return, Arthur sent his messengers far and wide to search for him. They blew their trumpets in the forest, on the mountain, and on the plain, but no answer came. Merlin, under the magic spell, heard nothing from the outside world, but lived on and on in the castle of enchantment, forever happy with Viviane.

THE SNOW MAIDEN

Opera by Rimski-Korsakov

MANY, many years ago in Berendey, a province of Russia, the people lived happily. The ruler was a kind and loving old czar who spent all his days in thinking of ways to make life pleasant for the people of his little kingdom. He ruled them not by force but by the law of love. There were no quarrels, no wars, no sorrows, in this favored kingdom. Could such perfect peace endure?

In this happy country lived King Winter. His wife was the fairy Spring. They had only one child, a beautiful little girl, Snow Maiden. As Snow Maiden grew older she became very lonely in the cold palace of King Winter, and longed for playmates and human affection. She begged her parents to allow her to go down into the valley and play with the shepherd boys and girls (17).

Her father, King Winter, warned his daughter not to go into the warm valley, for in that part of Berendey dwelt the Sun God, who, many years before, had prophesied that the lovely daughter of King Winter would die early should the summer sun ever shine upon her or her heart glow with the warmth of love.

But Snow Maiden, hearing the calls of the shepherd

boys and the laughter of the peasants, wanted to live among these simple, happy folk.

She begged so hard to be permitted to visit the valley that her father finally consented (18). He could not deny any request of his pretty little daughter. With tears in his eyes he watched the snow fairies pull her sled away over the icy fields, and saw her finally disappear into the distant forest.

Lost in the deep woods, she lay down to sleep. The fairy snowflakes, who loved their little mistress devotedly, floated down around her, sang her soft lullabies, and guarded her from harm while she slept.

The next morning a peasant named Boby, and his wife, Bobylycka, were wandering in the forest near their home, seeking wood for their fireplace. All of a sudden Bobylycka stopped, threw up her hands in surprise, and called out to her husband, "Oh, come here quick!"

The clumsy, fat Boby came wabbling through the deep snow, weighted down with his big boots.

There in front of them lay a fair young girl asleep in the snow. She wore a white fur coat, white kid boots, and a white fur cap, from under which a few golden curls crept out upon her cheek.

"How pretty she is!" exclaimed Boby.

"How pretty she is!" repeated his wife, Bobylycka.

"Let's take her home with us," they both said in the same breath.

Boby lifted the lovely girl from her couch of downy snowflakes and carried her to their humble hut. They

adopted her as their own daughter. No one knew that her father was King Winter and her mother Fairy Spring.

On Sundays and holidays the peasants from the neighboring villages came to see the beautiful girl whom Boby and Bobylycka had adopted. She was always obedient and kind to her foster parents. Under their tender care she grew to be the most beautiful young lady in all the countryside.

But during this time a strange influence had been at work in the once happy kingdom of Berendey. Frosts had killed the flowers and nipped the fruits. Ice covered the lakes and rivers. Instead of leaves the branches of the trees were hung with icicles. Even the hearts of the people turned cold toward their beloved ruler. The poor old czar could not understand why this coldness had entered his realm, for no one dreamed that the lovely Snow Maiden had brought such sorrow to the little kingdom. Her father, King Winter, fearing the fulfillment of the prophecy of his enemy, had blown his icy breath upon the valley where the Sun god lived.

The young men of the village rushed to show their attentions to the lovely golden-haired Snow Maiden. Yet her heart was made of ice and snow like that of her father, King Winter. Try as she would, she could not change her heart. The richest merchant of the village, Misguir, fell in love with her, but she answered not a word to his entreaties.

The shepherd boy Lehl was the favorite of all the village youths. He too loved Snow Maiden. Hour after hour

would he sing to her his humble shepherd songs (19), but so cold was her heart that she seemed to hear not a note of his music.

Poor little Snow Maiden could not understand why her heart was so frigid (20). The old czar, moved by pity, offered a costly gift to any young man who could win the heart of the girl and drive the coldness out of his kingdom.

In her distress Snow Maiden called upon her mother, the fairy Spring, to warm her heart with love.

Fairy Spring, being queen of the flowers, invoked the aid of the rose, the jasmine, the bluebell, and all the other flowers. Her daughter's request was granted, and as the frozen earth became thawed by the sun the icy heart of Snow Maiden glowed with the warmth of love.

The warm sun melted the ice; leaves adorned the branches of the trees; vines and blossoms climbed over the low roofs of the thatched dwellings of the peasants; bluebells and daisies dotted the meadows.

The shepherd Lehl, tired of waiting for Snow Maiden, was betrothed to Koupava, prettiest of the peasant girls. But Misguir, the merchant, remained faithful to the lovely adopted daughter of Boby and Bobylycka.

The people of Berendey rejoiced over the change that had taken place. The old czar (21), to show his gratitude, ordered a great festival to be held in honor of the betrothal of Snow Maiden and Misguir. At this the peasant girls wore their best dresses, their daintiest aprons, and their brightest kerchiefs. Such a happy time as they all had!

But no one was quite so joyful or so proud as Boby.

He strutted about among the crowds, shaking hands with everybody and explaining that he was the foster father of the beautiful Snow Maiden. The boys and girls circled round him, each carrying stalks of grain (22). Shouting with glee, they piled it about him like an Indian tepee. Laughing and singing, they danced round the pile, chanting a song of the harvest. When the game was ended, the jolly Boby crawled out from under the heap, his shaggy beard and tousled hair filled with seeds of grain, and his ragged coat decked with bits of straw. This caused great merriment. Even the old czar smiled at the antics of Boby.

Misguir and Snow Maiden then approached the throne to receive the blessings of the czar. Young and old crowded about them, singing joyous songs. How different was Snow Maiden from the rest, dressed in white from tip to toe. She and Misguir knelt at the foot of the throne of the kind, fatherly czar, who gave his approval to their betrothal and granted them his blessing.

As was the custom, Misguir kissed his promised bride. Lo! a strange thing happened. The rosy face of little Snow Maiden gradually turned paler until it was as white as her snow-white dress. As the midday sun grew warmer and brighter she became smaller and smaller, until she finally melted away and disappeared (23).

Even to this day mothers in Russia, when the children gather about them for the evening story hour, tell of the little Snow Maiden and the sorrow that came to her because she left her father's house and wandered away.

DANSE MACABRE (DANCE OF DEATH) (24)

Symphonic Poem by Saint-Saëns

ON A frosty autumn night, long years ago, a strange scene was staged in a graveyard. It was Halloween, the one night of the year when ghosts walk. The air was crisp and chilly, and a stiff breeze sent the dead leaves scurrying among the tombstones.

As the village clock struck the fateful hour of midnight a strange white figure carrying a rickety old fiddle under his arm came stalking into the graveyard. It was old Death, who, for ages and ages, has held a party in honor of ghosts on Halloween. As he passed by the various tombstones he stopped long enough to knock at their doors, awakening the sleeping ghosts one by one.

Their bones rattled and creaked as they scampered over the stony pavement to the meeting-place of the yearly revel. Old Death sat in their midst upon a cold gravestone and played weird dance tunes upon his timeworn violin. A pleased grin covered his pale countenance as he patted his bony right foot, keeping time with the rhythm of the music. The happy ghosts whirled and skipped over the green, chatting gayly with their partners. The brown leaves crunched beneath their feet, and their bony heels clicked loudly as the party became more and more hilarious.

"Look!" said one to his partner, pointing his slender

white finger toward the eastern sky; "is that the dawn approaching?"

"Oh, no!" said the other, with assurance, "that can't be the dawn. Our party has only begun, it seems to me."

But just then a terrifying call was heard. "Cock-a-doodle-doo! cock-a-doodle-doo!" in a shrill voice rang out upon the clear night air.

"Yes, it must be nearly morning," said the ghost, "for the cock crew."

A sudden silence fell upon the company. They quickly gathered round old Death, whose slender frame had slumped into an attitude of despair. Beside him lay his fiddle, which had fallen from his hands.

Finally one brave phantom broke the stillness by venturing in a subdued whisper the remark, "Remember, my friends, if any mortal sees us we shall be made to wander, and never be at peace again." Such was the old superstition. With but few words of farewell, one at a time they shook hands with their master and hurried away to their homes.

Soon poor old Death found himself alone. When he remembered that not until next Halloween could he and his friends have another party, his heart grew heavy within him. Picking up his aged fiddle, he played a mournful tune which expressed his own sad feelings. Even the breeze sighed plaintively in the weeping willow trees.

Then, folding his shroud about him, Death crept cautiously away lest he disturb the tired ghosts. The click, clack, of his bony heels grew faint in the distance.

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THE SPINNING-WHEEL OF OMPHALE (25)

Symphonic Poem by Saint-Saëns

THOUGH Hercules, a son of Jupiter, was the greatest warrior of his day and had defeated many powerful leaders, he could not conquer his own bad temper. Once, in a fit of madness, he had killed his friend Iphitus. To punish Hercules for this crime the gods sent down upon him a serious disease. He wandered from place to place, seeking the help of the wisest men. Yet no one seemed able to rid him of the terrible affliction which caused his suffering.

Realizing that he could not be cured by human effort, he sought aid from the gods. He journeyed to Delphi near Athens to ask the advice of the famous oracle located there.

"What shall I do to regain my health?" asked Hercules of the oracle.

From the mysterious darkness came a deep voice, saying, "You must be sold into slavery for three years and give the purchase money to the father of Iphitus to pay for the life of his son."

The gods sent their messenger, Mercury, to take Hercules to the slave market, where he was sold for a large sum to Omphale, queen of Lydia. For many years Omphale had heard of the mighty hero Hercules and had hoped she

would live to see him. Now that he was her servant and subject to her every whim, what should she do with him? After much thought on the subject she decided to humble the powerful man. She took from him his lion-skin and famous war club and made him wear women's clothes. Often she paraded before him, wearing his tawny robe and swinging his mighty weapon. To humiliate Hercules further she decreed he should spend the three years of his slavery doing women's work. So, day in and day out, he labored at spinning, surrounded by Omphale's handmaidens.

Hercules could handle the dangerous weapons of war far more skillfully than he could operate a spinning-wheel, and he proved very awkward at his new task. Often his mistress chastised him with her sandal when he made mistakes.

But though untrained in the fine art of spinning, the son of Jupiter understood other arts much better than the Lydian queen, and practiced his skill in these upon her. As the months went by, Omphale more and more often invited Hercules to recite for her thrilling tales of adventure, to which she listened intently.

The stalwart warrior seated at the foot of the queen's throne became a familiar sight to those who dwelt in the royal household.

When the three years of his slavery were at an end he left the palace of Omphale, completely cured of the dreadful malady, and returned to his home. Shortly afterwards he married the beautiful Deianira, with whom he lived happily for three years before he was called upon to perform another of his difficult labors.

PEER GYNT

Suite by Grieg

IN NORWAY, years ago, lived Ase, a poor widow who had a son named Peer Gynt. Ase needed her son's help and care, but Peer did not provide for his mother's needs. He was lazy and refused to work. As one might expect, his idleness afforded opportunity for mischief and wrongdoing. The neighbors warned their boys not to play with Peer Gynt, lest they too get into trouble. Yet his loving mother believed in him and hoped he would grow to be a splendid man, the pride of the village. But Peer did not improve as the years went on, as his fond mother had hoped he would, but wasted his time in dreaming of his own future glory, instead of working to make his dreams come true. As a young man he was worthless,—only a ne'er-do-well.

As was the custom, when a wedding took place all the villagers attended. Once, while a guest at a wedding, Peer stole the bride, Ingrid, and carried her off into the mountains. There he deserted her (26), giving as his excuse that she was not nearly so pretty as the golden-haired, blue-eyed Solveig, with whom he had danced at the wedding feast.

Fearing to return to his native village because of this

PEER GYNT ENTERS THE CAVE OF THE TROLLS

prank, Peer wandered farther into the hills. By nightfall he had reached the high regions of the Dovre Mountains.

Always a dreamer, Peer fancied he was seated at a banquet table in the home of his grandfather. In his wild delight he scampered about on the mountain side. Before long, however, he stumbled, striking his head on a rock. He lay on the ground senseless. As in a dream a woman clad in forest green came to his rescue. She was the daughter of the king of the Dovre trolls, a race of ugly hobgoblins who lived in a haunted cave down deep under the mountain. The woman in green called over the hillside for her steed. Behold! a big pig came in answer to her call. His saddle was an old bag, and his reins were coarse rope. Seated on the pig's back, the two galloped away to the hall of the mountain king.

The troll king, with his huge ears and long, snarled black beard, seated on his throne at the end of the great hall, was an imposing sight.

The dwarfish daughter of the king was very kind to Peer. She danced for him and entertained him as best she could, and her attentions pleased his vanity very much (27). In fact, he cast smiles and loving glances at the homely, dumpy daughter of the troll king. The king asked Peer to marry his daughter and dwell in the land of trolls. Of course Peer did not want the ugly little daughter of the mountain king. His refusal made the imps and elves very angry, as they could see Peer was false and insincere. The little bearded gnomes and imps danced about him, mocked him, jeered at him, pinched him, pulled his hair,

and otherwise tortured him. They would have killed him but for the ringing of church bells in the distance. Their magic notes wrecked the hall (28). Peer was buried beneath the wreckage and dozens of trolls. The wicked little imps soon scampered away, leaving Peer to get out as best he could.

Pretty little Solveig could not forget the handsome youth she had danced with at the wedding. Something seemed to tell her he was in danger. So she left the home of her family and sought Peer. As she toiled up the mountain she came upon a tiny log hut half hidden among the pines. Reindeer horns were fastened above the door, as if keeping guard. Blue smoke curling out of the chimney told her someone must be at home, and she knocked timidly at the door. Peer, still bearing the signs of his struggle with the trolls, answered the rap. He was astonished to see Solveig! Her love and faithfulness aroused the best in Peer and made him ashamed of himself. Realizing he was unworthy of Solveig's love, he resolved to go away to make a real man of himself and then return to claim her.

Solveig promised to remain in the little hut on the mountain side to wait for Peer's return. With tears in her eyes she watched him as he slowly and sadly walked down the trail, looking back again and again for a last view of the little golden-haired girl standing in the doorway of the mountain hut.

The days stretched into weeks; the weeks into months; the months into years (29). Yet the faithful Solveig remained true to the faithless Peer.

After leaving Solveig, Peer was haunted by the desire to see his mother, and wandered back to his native village, where he found his poor mother ill and dying. Worry over her worthless son had broken her heart and made her ill. Yet she was overjoyed to see her boy again before she died. Although he had neglected her, still she loved him with the love only a mother can give. He tried to cheer her by making promises to do better. But it was too late. As he sat watching her in the dim candlelight, she whispered "Good-by" and died peacefully in his arms (30). Peer was heartbroken. His grief was pitiful as he sat with his head in his hands, murmuring over and over, "For all thy beatings and thy lullabies, and all the good thou hast done me. I thank thee."

Broken in spirit, he left his native land of Norway to wander over the world, seeking his fortune. After many years of travel and adventure in foreign countries he landed in Morocco. There he was very successful in business and became a rich man (31). Often he boasted to his friends that he would be emperor of the world some day.

But Peer, with all his good intentions and promises, was weak. He could not stand prosperity. Through reckless gambling he gradually lost his fortune. Whether rich or poor, Peer was ever an adventurer. He stole the horse and clothes of a Bedouin prophet and rode out into the desert. He came upon the tent city of an Arabian chief and his tribe. Representing himself as a great chieftain, he was received by the Arabs and lavishly entertained. A great feast was held in his honor, where Anitra, the beautiful

daughter of the Arab chief, danced for the distinguished guest (32).

Anitra was slender and graceful. Her jet-black braids of hair were adorned with jewels and gold bands. Rings decorated her fingers, bracelets jingled on her arm, and strands of varicolored beads adorned her neck. As she danced about, the swarthy group loudly voiced its appreciation. Peer was much impressed with the dark beauty of Anitra. In fact, he fell in love with the charming daughter of the desert. He gave her all his gold and jewels, yet she only laughed at him, taking a cruel delight in breaking his heart. The selfish Peer had at last met his doom.

Broken-hearted over the way Anitra had treated him, he left the land of the Arabs and made his way to Egypt. He had heard that at daybreak the statue of Memnon sang, and, looking for a new adventure, he rode during a whole night to be near the famous statue when the sun rose. As the curtain of night lifted, the desert became gray. Gradually the sands took on a pale pink tint, then lavender, and then white, as the dawn merged into day (33).

After many more years of wandering aimlessly from country to country, the unhappy Peer Gynt reached his homeland, Norway (34). He was a changed man. His hair was gray, his eyes were faded, his shoulders were stooped. Then he realized what a worthless life he had led. Friendless and alone, his only thought was to find the little farm home he had known in his boyhood days. It was there that he wished to die.

As he trudged slowly up the old trail his thoughts were filled with Solveig. He wondered what had become of the pretty little golden-haired girl. It was spring. Flowers bloomed all about him. Chipmunks, perched on the rocks, chattered as he passed by. From every tree the birds twittered and chirped, as if to say, "Rejoice; it is spring." But there was little joy in the heart of the old and broken Peer Gynt.

During his long absence the village had grown, and scattered cabins made almost a street of the road that led to his old home. Passing by a house, he noticed a familiar figure standing in the doorway. Was it Solveig? Although the once golden hair was now white, the same sweet face remained. Yes; it was Solveig. In her hand she held a psalm book, for it was Sunday morning, and she was going to church.

Peer flung himself at her feet, asking forgiveness. Overcome by the realization of the loyal love of Solveig and his own wasted life, he sank down exhausted on her doorstep. The day wore away, and evening came. Solveig sang to him a lullaby (35), the kind one would sing to a tired child. It soothed his troubled spirit and lulled him to sleep. The northern night broke into day; shafts of sunlight towered above the fiord; the birds sang their joyous greeting to the morn. But the weary wanderer slept on. Peer, repentant, broken in health and spirit, found peace and contentment at the end, dying in the arms of the faithful Solveig.

FROM THE LAND OF THE SKY-BLUE WATER (36)

Omaha Indian Song by Charles Wakefield Cadman

NOT so very long ago, near the Great Lakes of our country, there lived a beautiful Indian maiden adored by all the people of her tribe. How she loved the blue lakes of her homeland! It was great fun to get up early in the morning and catch a few fish for breakfast. In the long shadows of the late afternoon, what joy to paddle around in her birch canoe! Not in all the land was there a happier Indian maid.

Alas! the Omaha Indians from the plains bore down upon the tribes living so happily and peacefully in the blue lake country. For a hostage they carried away the most beautiful maiden of all, leaving the people of her tribe sad and lonely.

Although the Omaha Indians were kind to the captive, she grew wretched and homesick as the days went by. About her in every direction she could see only the barren, endless plain, with not a tree or a lake to relieve the monotony of the landscape. How different from her beloved "Land of the Sky-Blue Water"!

The mightiest and noblest of the Omaha braves fell in love with the pretty captive maiden. As is the Indian

custom, he came each day at sunrise to play love-calls for her on his flute. Morning after morning he piped his prettiest love-notes, hoping and hoping that she would answer his calls.

When an Indian maid returns a wooer's love, she slips quietly outside her tent and listens attentively to her lover's flute. So modest and shy is an Indian girl that she does not go out to meet her lover, nor does she even say a word to him; she just sits quietly and listens to his ardent flute-notes. When the Indian lover folds his blanket about him and walks away, she slips back into her tent.

Do you think the lovely captive maiden came out of her tent? No! so homesick was she for her "Land of the Sky-Blue Water" that she pretended she did not hear the music of the Omaha Indian brave. Day after day he played his flute to deaf ears. At last he wandered away broken-hearted. "The captive maiden was mute."

HER BLANKET (37)

Navaho Indian Song arranged by Lieurance

HAVE you a Navaho blanket in your home? Can you tell the stories which are woven into the blanket? If you were a Navaho boy or girl you could tell an interesting story about every figure. Squares remind one of the four winds, north, south, east, and west. Lightning is depicted by zigzag lines. Many such lines crossing each other form the rattlesnake pattern. Rows of little squares picture an Indian village. Lines making steps mean the mountains. A border of irregular lines typifies the rocky road the Indian youth must travel before he is worthy to sit with the painted warriors round the council fire. To a "paleface" the designs are strange and meaningless. We step upon the rug day after day without thinking of the thrilling tales the rug might tell us if it could only talk.

The Navaho tribes live in the half-desert country in the southwestern part of the United States. Picture an old Indian grandmother seated on the ground in front of a crude loom outside a small lodge made of earth and the branches of trees. The children gather about her to watch her weave the shuttle, laden with bright thread, across and under the warp strings of the loom. Perhaps

she weaves a square of red or a cross of black. The swarthy children ask, "Grandmother, what does it mean?"

The serious, wrinkled face spreads in a smile as she recites to the eager children the tale of some thrilling battle, of some great victory celebration, or some joyous hunting trip.

It is the custom for the Indian grandmother to weave one blanket which, through its designs, tells the story of her life. Her children will translate the story in design for their children and for their grandchildren. On down through the generations, as long as it lasts, the story of each blanket will be told.

THE SACRIFICE (38)

Canadian Indian Song by Lieurance

AN INDIAN youth was to become the chief of his tribe. One on whom so great an honor was to fall must be manly and brave. To test his courage and fortitude he was asked to give up whatever was dearest to him in life.

He liked very much the beaded vest made for him by his dear old grandmother; the blanket his mother wove for him with her own hands; the necklace of elk-teeth his father had given him. After looking over all his prized possessions, his flute caught his eye. When but a small boy he had cut with his tomahawk a branch of a cottonwood tree; with a small knife he had dug out the center of the branch; with great care he had bored the tiny holes. Day after day he had practiced patiently until he learned to play the flute well. The old tribal musician, now at rest in the happy hunting ground, had taught him love-calls on the same flute. Yes; his flute was dearest of all to him.

The members of the tribe gathered in the open space encircled by their tents. In the center were piled the logs for the sacrificial fire. Many Indians watched anxiously the tent of the young chieftain, wondering what sacrifice he would make. They were much surprised when he came

forth from his tent carrying his flute on the outstretched palms of his hands. It was with a struggle that he held back the tears as he faced the crowd.

"Of all my earthly possessions my flute is the dearest and best. With it goes the spirit of music from my soul," he said as he cast his beloved flute into the flames.

BY THE WEEPING WATERS (39)

Chippewa Tribal Song arranged by Lieurance

ON ONE side of a river in the present state of Minnesota the Chippewa tribe of Indians once lived. On the opposite bank the Oneidas made their homes. These two tribes quarreled often. Perhaps a Chippewa killed a buffalo on the land claimed by the Oneidas; perhaps a horse belonging to the Oneidas wandered into the land of the Chippewas and was claimed by them; perhaps a brave of one tribe stole a bride from the other. Any of these acts might cause a war.

During the course of one battle, legend tells us, the Chippewas tried to cross the stream to the opposite bank. The Oneidas poured a shower of arrows into the unfortunate Chippewas while they were struggling to cross the river. So many of them were killed that the waters ran red with their blood.

A short distance below there was a waterfall in the river. Ever since that day the water makes a sad, sighing sound as if mourning for the dead Indian heroes.

Whenever a chief of the Chippewas died, it was a tribal custom for the squaws to go down to these falls, where they would sit for hours at a time moaning and sobbing, mingling their tears and cries with the weeping waters.

MIGNON

Opera by Thomas

THE DEPARTURE OF THE MARQUIS OF CYPRIANI (40)

IN NORTHERN Italy, on a hillside covered with vines and flowers, stood a magnificent castle. Below it reposed a small, clear lake whose transparent, still waters reflected the blue of the noonday sky and the gold of the sunset. The dark evergreen trees that fringed the bank cast their shadows playfully upon the glassy mirror of the lake. The peasants who labored in the vineyards and toiled in the fields pointed with pride to the palatial estate of their master, the marquis of Cypriani.

A kindly master he was, and beloved by his people. The pride of his heart was his little daughter Sperata, a beautiful dark-eyed child. Sperata's father and mother loved her dearly and gave her everything she desired. She was a good child and sought to please her fond parents.

One day, through the iron gate of the castle wall, she noticed some gayly colored wild flowers which grew a short distance beyond the fence on the terrace sloping to the lake. Thinking these would greatly please her mother, she

slipped unnoticed through the opening and began picking the bright blossoms. She gathered only the choicest blooms for her mother's bouquet, and in her childish enthusiasm she wandered farther and farther off. Before long she found herself lost in the tall foliage which grew in abundance near the water's edge. Looking about to find a way out, she discovered wild and savage faces staring at her. Huddled in the high grass lay strange, swarthy-skinned men who wore long earrings, gaudy shirts, and showy scarfs. As one advanced toward Sperata she screamed in terror. Her cry was soon hushed, however, by a dark hand which closed over her mouth. Poor little Sperata! She was carried away to a gypsy camp and there adopted by a Romany tribe.

For weeks, months, and years the marquis of Cypriani hunted for his lost child. Each day when the sun rose he hoped and prayed that before it set his little girl would be returned to him. But each day the sun sank behind the hills without any word as to the whereabouts of his beloved Sperata. Shortly after the disappearance of Sperata her mother died of a broken heart. The marquis was left alone in the big house. The empty rooms served only to remind him of his great loss.

The idea that his daughter was alive persisted in his mind. Maybe she had been stolen by a band of gypsies and was wandering with them from place to place. This thought, a gleam of hope, cheered his joyless heart and gave him the courage to begin the search for his long-lost child.

Disguised as a minstrel, with his harp under his arm, he went forth one day from his ancestral home, leaving behind him everything which reminded him of his noble birth. The wealthy and aristocratic marquis of Cypriani thus became the poor and humble Lothario, a minstrel.

THE COURTYARD OF THE GERMAN INN

For many years he traveled in many lands, singing, as he went, in cafés and in the palaces of noblemen. He kept a watchful eye on gypsy players, searching their number for one who resembled Sperata.

At times, as the years wore on, the hunt seemed in vain, and the heartbroken father became worn and weary. Grief and suffering turned his dark hair to a silvery gray and his beard to white. His memory grew dim, and he forgot about the castle and title he had left in Italy. All the past faded from his mind except the picture of little Sperata, which was so firmly imprinted there that neither time nor loss of reason could erase the image. But on and on he went, patiently awaiting the day when the long search would bring its reward.

Into the crowded and noisy courtyard of a German inn he drifted one day (41), seeking rest and food before proceeding on his journey. As he entered, softly strumming the strings of his harp, someone said, "Who is he?"

"He is Lothario, the aged harper," another answered.

"Why does he act so strangely?"

"They say he lost his mind long ago because of some deep sorrow."

"Where is his home?"

"No one knows."

Several of the guests took the poor old man by the arm and made him sit down and eat with them. They bade him put away his grief and join in their merriment.

Above the conversation and laughter of the guests and the clatter of dishes arose the shouts of the townspeople proclaiming the arrival of gypsy entertainers.

"Make room, companions, for the men of Bohemia," came the request from all sides. The guests pushed their tables and chairs out of the way and prepared for the enjoyment of the program.

Among the guests of the inn were the members of a theatrical troupe on their way to take part in a festival at the home of Baron Von Rosenberg. The leading lady was Filina, a gay, light-hearted actress who spent her life in the pursuit of pleasure. Seeking the cause of the commotion in the courtyard, Filina came running out onto the balcony which overlooked the scene. She called to Laertes, the leading man of the troupe, "Come here, quick! the gypsies are going to dance."

Together they watched the revels from their place on the upper veranda.

The crowd loudly cheered the dancing of the gypsies and threw pieces of silver to them. This greatly pleased Giarno, the leader of the band, who bowed and smiled. To show his appreciation for this generosity he told his audience that he would have Mignon perform the famous egg dance for them. While an old man spread down a

carpet, and a small boy placed the eggs upon it, Giarno stepped to a cart near to awaken a girl who lay asleep on a bed of straw. He shook her rudely and aroused her from a sound sleep.

"Mignon," said he, "dance the egg dance for the people. They will give us money,—lots of money."

As the shy girl came forth to face the audience, which laughed and applauded, she became embarrassed, and a deep blush covered her countenance.

"Mignon," commanded Giarno, "obey your master."

An angry glance, flashed at him from dark eyes, was the only answer he received.

"Mignon, do you hear me?" shouted the angry leader, as he stepped forward and raised a stick threateningly over her head.

The kind minstrel, moved by pity, arose and hastened to the rescue of the helpless girl and threw his arms about her for protection. But the sturdy gypsy leader quickly brushed aside the old man, and was about to let the stick fall on the girl's back when a stranger, with pistol in hand, rushed up to him.

"You scoundrel," said the stranger, "if you strike that girl I will shoot you."

Giarno knew the man meant what he said and he dropped the stick, whining meanwhile about the loss of money by Mignon's disobedience. But when Filina threw her purse to him, he skulked to his tent, apparently satisfied.

Wilhelm, the newcomer, had brought the entertainment to a sudden and unexpected ending. Mignon, with slow

and faltering steps, followed her master to the gypsy shelter, her heart filled with gratitude toward the gallant youth who had defended her. The guests, one by one and in groups, left the courtyard. Only Lothario remained to see that no harm came to the gypsy girl.

The crafty Filina sent Laertes to make the acquaintance of the splendid-looking young man who had made himself the hero of the hour. The two were soon seated at a table, chatting in friendly fashion. Wilhelm told Laertes he had recently finished his studies at the university and was on a trip round the world seeking pleasure and adventure (42).

Filina entered the courtyard with the excuse that she had to talk with Laertes on business, so that she could be introduced to the wealthy young student. After securing a promise from Wilhelm that the three would meet on the morrow, Laertes and Filina returned to the inn.

Wilhelm noticed Mignon coming from the gypsy shed and advanced to meet her. She explained that her master was asleep, and that she had come to thank Wilhelm for saving her from the wrath of her cruel owner. As the youth studied the features and refined manner of the girl, he doubted that she had been born a gypsy, and questioned her about her parentage. He listened intently while she told him of her fair homeland where the skies were ever blue and the orange blossoms filled the warm air with their fragrance (43). As well as she could remember, she described the costly villa with its long halls lined with marble statues and its lake upon which happy boatmen sang as they rowed.

Wilhelm was so absorbed in Mignon's story that he did not notice the approach of Giarno.

"If you will pay me what this insolent maid has cost me, sir, I'll set her free," he said sneeringly.

So Wilhelm and Giarno walked to the gypsy shed to bargain for the purchase of Mignon's freedom while she and Lothario rejoiced over the prospect of her liberty.

"The swallows are flying toward the south, and I think I shall go with them," mused the old harper.

"Something within tells me to go the way of the swallows," said Mignon as she gazed wistfully at the southern horizon (44). "They go where winter never reigns and summer is eternal."

Before long Wilhelm returned with the good news that he had purchased Mignon's freedom. The grateful girl burst into tears of joy as she thanked him again and again for his great kindness. Since she was no longer one of the gypsy band and had no home, she knew not where to go. The tender-hearted minstrel offered to take her with him, but Mignon begged to remain with her deliverer, who was at a loss to know what to do with this new, perplexing possession. On the next day the three settled the matter by joining the troupe of actors. Mignon, overjoyed at her escape from the tyrannical gypsy leader and this unexpected opportunity to be near Wilhelm, was the gayest of the group. Amid wild scenes of rejoicing and fond farewells (45) the party began the journey to Baron Von Rosenberg's castle, where a festival was to take place.

The Castle of Baron von Rosenberg

The baron was delighted to have the players to entertain his guests, and he lodged them in the best rooms of the castle. To Filina he gave his sister's room, one of the finest in the house. An inviting dressing-table, sofas, soft-cushioned chairs, and many other pieces of elegant furniture adorned the room. Filina flitted gayly about, admiring herself in the gorgeous setting (**46**).

At the well-equipped dressing-table the proud leading lady made ready for the evening performance and put on her most bewitching costume. At a distance the little gypsy girl in her rags looked on in envy. Mignon knew in her heart that she loved Wilhelm, and she longed to possess the fine clothes which made her rival appear so attractive in his eyes.

When Filina left her apartment, Mignon entered and strolled about, amazed at the luxurious surroundings. She became curious to see herself in one of Filina's beautiful gowns. Without thinking further she dressed herself in the prettiest costume she could find. As she was helping herself to the cosmetics which had made her rival so pretty, Wilhelm, unnoticed, was watching her. A feeling of sympathy and embarrassment swept over him as he realized that the care of the girl was a responsibility too great for him. He scolded Mignon gently for her prank and offered to find her a home among good people (**47**). But Mignon was not pleased with this offer, and begged forgiveness and the privilege of remaining in his care.

In the midst of their conversation the haughty actress entered the room, casting angry and startled glances at the gypsy maid attired in her gown. Mignon, ashamed and confused, hastily tore off the lace dress and, in her worn and ragged clothes, fled from the scene to the courtyard outside.

With an aching heart she wandered down toward the lake, where she could be alone and gaze into the quiet water.

"If Wilhelm loves Filina, I do not care to live any longer," she said over and over to herself.

Suddenly she became conscious of lovely music that floated down upon her and soothed her troubled spirit. She was not alone, as she had supposed. Another, sad at heart, trudged along the edge of the lake seeking comfort in nature's beauty.

Lothario was surprised to see the form of a girl dimly outlined in the twilight. He called out excitedly: "Is it you, Sperata? Answer me; is it you?"

"No; 'tis Mignon," came the prompt reply.

"Again I am deceived," sighed the old man; "she is not Sperata. Why are you here, unhappy child?" he asked. "Come, put your weary head on my shoulder and tell me your troubles."

"Oh, Lothario, have you ever wept? Do you know pain? Has your heart ever been broken?" she queried (48).

"Indeed, my child, I have wept until the earth has been watered with my tears," he answered. "Like yourself, I am alone, and a hopeless sorrow fills my heart."

Mignon poured out to her sympathetic companion the story of her mental suffering caused by the false and cruel Filina, who sought to win the heart of Wilhelm, whom Mignon loved.

"Ah, listen!" said Mignon, bounding to her feet. "'Tis Filina's name the crowd is acclaiming."

The wave of applause stirred the fires of jealousy within her. In a moment of anger she said, as she rushed toward the courtyard, "I wish that lightning would strike the castle and set it on fire."

"On fire! on fire!" repeated Lothario, out of his senses. He stumbled to the path which led to the rear of the castle, and disappeared in the darkness.

The gypsy girl found her way to the courtyard, where she looked on in envy at the honors paid to Filina, who bowed graciously and sang for her admirers (49).

Filina, discovering Mignon in the audience, called to her: "Get my bouquet for me. I left it on the stage somewhere."

The gypsy maid obeyed instantly and entered the house in search of the flowers.

Laertes was the first to discover that the stage was in flames, and he shouted at the top of his voice, "Fire! fire!" A wail of distress swept over the merrymakers.

"Mignon!" someone cried. "She has gone for Filina's bouquet."

Without a moment's hesitation Wilhelm rushed into the burning building while the throng without waited breathlessly. After several anxious minutes he emerged carrying

the unconscious form of Mignon, the withered flowers still clutched in her fingers.

The half-crazed minstrel, not realizing the destruction he had wrought in his effort to please Mignon, walked calmly among the excited people, mumbling the name of Sperata.

The Return to Italy

After the tragic ending of the festival the troupe of actors went on their way. Wilhelm, Lothario, and Mignon, following the flight of the swallows, turned their steps toward the southland, hoping the warm climate would restore Mignon to health. On the way she became so ill with a fever that they could go no farther, and they stopped at a deserted castle to rest and wait for her recovery.

Poor old Lothario! he was a pathetic figure seated by the bedside of the sick girl, playing on his harp and singing a lullaby (50),—the one he used to sing to his little Sperata. From her window he looked out on a blue lake dotted with white sails and little boats, and the friendly breeze carried to his ears the songs of the merry boatmen (51) and the splash of their oars in swaying rhythm. There was something familiar about these tunes, but, with memory gone, he could not recall where he had heard them before. The soothing lullaby seemed to have had a healing effect on Mignon's fevered brain, and she smiled as she slept.

As Wilhelm sat at a window in another room feasting his eyes on the landscape, Antonio, the old caretaker of the castle, came in to place a lamp on the table.

"Look at the houses across the way, sir," said Antonio, pointing out of the window. "Tomorrow the fête on the lake will be held. All the villas but this one are lighted and decorated for the joyous occasion."

"Why is this mansion vacant?" inquired Wilhelm.

Antonio came nearer to him as he eagerly told his story.

"This is the tale I have heard, sir. Years ago a little girl was drowned in the lake below. Soon after, her mother died of grief, and her father, crazed by the loss of his family, left his ancestral home and has not been heard from to this day."

"Who was the master of whom you speak?" questioned Wilhelm.

"The marquis of Cypriani, sir," came the prompt reply.

After a brief silence Antonio burst forth with the anxious question: "Will you buy the castle, sir? It will soon be sold at a low price, for the master has been gone so long."

"Tomorrow I'll let you know," answered Wilhelm, dismissing the old caretaker.

Lothario was so overjoyed with Mignon's improvement that he sought Wilhelm to tell him the fever had fled and the patient was sleeping soundly. The two rejoiced over the good news.

"Ah, it was the air of her native land that cured her," spoke Wilhelm in a burst of enthusiasm. "Tomorrow I shall purchase for her the abode of the Cypriani."

Lothario, trembling, rose to his feet.

"Cypriani? Cypriani?" he repeated, gasping for breath.

Instinct had led him to his old home, where familiar scenes restored his reason.

Wilhelm observed his strange actions, but paid no attention, for he knew the old minstrel's mind was weak. Lothario staggered to the door at the rear of the room and opened it, entering the adjoining room. It was a new man, however, who closed the door. No longer was he the minstrel who, fifteen years before, had left the castle. As he looked about the room he saw his clothes, his sword, his coat of arms, and his many keepsakes. With his reason and his memory restored, he put aside his minstrel garb and became again the marquis of Cypriani.

Meanwhile Wilhelm pondered over many things in his mind. For some time he had realized that he loved Mignon, and he wanted to tell her of his deep devotion. Then, as in a dream, he saw her enter the room and walk across to the balcony to drink in the joys of the balmy evening. He hastened to her side and brought her a chair.

"Have I seen this place before?" asked Mignon.

"I do not know," answered her companion.

"The gardens sloping to the lake, the forest reflected in the transparent water, the soft, warm air, and the clear sky seem so familiar to me," said the girl. "Alas! I must have seen all this in a dream."

Wilhelm told her of his love (52) and begged her to put aside all her grief and sadness and be happy with him in sunny Italy.

"Italy? Am I in Italy?" queried Mignon.

"This is Italy. This is beautiful Italy," answered her lover (53).

"And where is Lothario?" asked the girl.

Before Wilhelm could answer, the door in the rear opened wide. Lothario entered the room, richly dressed in velvets and laces, to the astonishment of both, who could hardly recognize him in such extravagant clothes.

"My children," said he, "all that you see is mine. Behold it! Let us forget our sorrow and be happy in our home."

Under his arm he carried a small black box which he handed to Mignon, saying: "I bring you a rare gift, dear child,—this box which has lain for many months. You may open it now."

Mignon, with trembling hands, opened the box and took out a scarf and a bracelet. "What relics are these, and who wore them?" asked the girl.

"Sperata," he replied in a quivering voice, his eyes fast filling with tears.

"Sperata," whispered Mignon. "That name resounds in my ears."

"Look again, my child," he said, the tears streaming down his tanned face.

Mignon's trembling fingers lifted a small white prayer book from the ebony box. She opened it and tried to read, but tears had dimmed her eyes, and she could not see the page. The book dropped to the floor, and she recited the prayer from memory. When she had finished she rushed

through the open door at the rear, and in a few seconds returned with a picture.

"My mother's portrait! Her room is empty. Where is she?" wailed the girl.

"My daughter!" cried Lothario.

"My father!" murmured Mignon.

"I have found my child. Sperata, my own," sobbed the old marquis as he pressed his long-lost daughter to his breast.

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE (54)

Symphonic Poem by Dukas

PANCRATES was a tall, lean man with heavy, shaggy eyebrows from under which peered keen black eyes expressing great wisdom. His crown was shaven, but beneath it coarse, dark hair hung over his ears. His clothes were made of pure white linen.

It was said of him that he had lived for twenty-three years in an underground cave where he received lessons daily from the goddess Isis, who taught him the art of magic. People and animals feared and respected him. The crocodiles wagged their tails with delight when he rode on their backs, and all the other water animals cleared the way for him as he passed.

Years before, while visiting in Egypt, a young man named Eucrates met this strange sorcerer and became apprenticed to him in order to learn his black art. He often marveled at one feat of the wizard; but, try as he would, Eucrates could not get him to tell the secret. The favorite trick of the sorcerer was to dress a broom in old clothes, wave his hand above it three times to the left and three times to the right, pronouncing meanwhile the magic words which would invoke the evil spirits. This weird formula had the power to change an ordinary house broom into a living creature who knew but one thing, namely,

to serve his master slavishly. Once, at an inn, to entertain the guests, he performed this baffling feat.

"Cook my dinner," the magician commanded.

The broom man rushed about the kitchen like any cook.

"Serve my dinner," demanded the sorcerer.

The broom man served the dinner as well as any servant.

"Fetch me a bucket of water," ordered the sorcerer.

The broom man rushed to the spring, carrying pail after pail of water until his master told him he could stop.

When the spirit creature had performed all the services needed, the sorcerer whispered a mysterious word into his wooden ear, and he was only a broom again.

"Jump to your place in the corner," signaled the master, and the broom obeyed him at once, standing silently and timidly in its place in the chimney corner.

Once when Pancrates was performing this trick his apprentice hid behind a chair. He was very, very quiet lest he be discovered. Yes, he overheard the magic words which called forth the wicked spirits who could put life into a dead broom.

The next time the sorcerer went away for a day the lazy apprentice seized the opportunity to try out the newly acquired rule.

"Aha! the old wizard has gone away, and now his spirits shall obey *me*," said Eucrates, thrilled with the prospect of his adventure.

"Come to me, you old broom," spoke the apprentice boastfully. "I shall put your ragged clothes on your thin frame."

After he had dressed the broom, he waved his hand three times to the left and three times to the right and pronounced the magic words.

"Do what I say! Stand on two legs! Grow a head! Be quick about it!" commanded Eucrates.

Lo! a long, raw-boned servant stood in front of him.

"Hurry, hurry," said Eucrates, handing the broom man a jug. "Run a long way to the brook and bring me water for my bath."

As the slave ran toward the stream Eucrates watched him with much satisfaction.

"My, how he can run!" exclaimed the proud master. "Here he comes back again quick as lightning. Now he empties the jug into my bath."

Again and again the broom man made the trip to the brook until every jug, basin, and tub in the house was filled to overflowing.

"Stop! stop! that is enough," commanded the apprentice.

But the water carrier heeded not the order and continued at his work, pouring jug after jug full of water onto the floor.

"Ah, woe is me!" wailed Eucrates. "I do not know the word which will make this spirit creature a broom again."

He pleaded with his rebellious subject. "Be the old broom again, sir," he implored. "Can't you see you are ruining my master's house?"

The servant paid no attention whatever to this plea, and kept to his task, running faster and faster on his nimble legs to and from the stream.

"What an evil eye he has," remarked the apprentice, who had begun to fear this fiendish creature of his own making.

Summoning all his courage, he said to himself: "No longer will I endure this defiance. I will seize the rascal. 'Tis folly to be afraid of him."

By this time the room was so full of water that streams were running out of the windows. Eucrates was terrified. In desperation he shouted, "Will you never stop?"

No answer came to his question.

"Stick, stand still again. If you don't stop, I will seize you by the throat. I will split your old wood with my sharp ax," screamed the panic-stricken apprentice.

All these threats failed to bring a halt in the steps of the servant, who remained faithfully at his task.

As the broom man mounted the steps again the frantic student let his ax fall with a cracking blow upon the unsuspecting creature.

"Look! he's cut in two! Now I can breathe again," Eucrates sighed in relief.

Alas! this was not the end of his troubles.

He was horrified to see each half stand up. Before he could recover from this shock, he received another. Two brooms with two jugs were merrily tripping to and from the brook, pouring the contents of their jars into the flooded room.

The apprentice, thoroughly frightened, began to shout and scream. "Oh, hurry back, Pancrates; hurry back!"

Again and again he called wildly for his master. "Pan-

crates! Pancrates!" In the distance the heavy step of the sorcerer was heard, speeding to answer the frantic call of his pupil. Soon he arrived on the scene. As was to be expected, he was very, very angry when he saw his house flooded. Eucrates hastened to explain, "Master, I can't get rid of the evil spirits I invited."

Pronouncing the magic word, the wizard spoke scoldingly: "Hasten to your corner, broom. Henceforth the master alone will call you."

The broom skulked to its place in the chimney corner, as if hiding its face in shame. The sorcerer said not a word to his apprentice, but walked away, never to return, leaving his ruined home to Eucrates.

LOHENGRIN

Opera by Wagner

The Trial of Elsa

THE river Scheldt curved its way among the flowery meadows and tree-covered hills of Brabant. Above the tree tops the towers of many castles pointed heavenward. Surely everyone should be happy in this beautiful land of Brabant. But instead, there was so much trouble and grief that the king and his nobles had to go there to establish a court of justice.

Years before the duke of Brabant had died, leaving as his heir his small son Godfrey. Just before the old duke died he had called to his bedside Telramund, his most trusted friend. To him he said: "Into your care, Frederick of Telramund, I give my greatest treasure,—my precious children, Elsa and Godfrey. Be their guardian until they are grown. I know you will always be kind to them."

So the children went to the castle of Telramund to live.

Elsa was several years older than her brother and so helped to take care of him. The boy was fond of tramping in the woods which covered the hill below their castle. Elsa often went with him to shield him from harm. One day Godfrey wandered too far away from his sister and

was lost. She sought him everywhere, but was forced to return to the castle without him. The knights, the peasants, and the servants hunted for days and weeks, but Godfrey could not be found.

The wicked and selfish Ortrud, the wife of Telramund, saw an opportunity for her husband to become duke of Brabant, since the rightful heir was out of the way. Ortrud therefore influenced her husband to accuse Elsa of killing her brother, in order that she might become the ruler of Brabant. Telramund was persuaded to go to the king with his story.

The good and just king sat on his throne under the Oak of Justice. About him were grouped his nobles. Telramund advanced and bowed before his ruler. "Kind and just king," he said, "I have a sad story to tell you (55). Elsa, whom you have always thought so gentle and lovely, has killed her young brother Godfrey, making herself the heir to the throne." As Telramund some years before had saved the life of the king, his story received immediate attention. After listening intently to the tale of the knight, in whom he had great faith, the king ordered Elsa to be brought before him for trial.

The beautiful golden-haired girl slowly advanced toward the king. Her lovely blue eyes were dimmed with tears, her face was pale, her countenance sad. The old king whispered to one of his nobles, "I cannot believe so splendid a girl guilty of such a crime."

In fact, all present pitied her and hated the man who had accused her.

LOHENGRIN ARRIVES

The king said, "Did you kill your brother Godfrey?"

Again and again Elsa tried to speak in her defense, but something swelled up so big in her throat that she could not answer. She could only wail, "Oh, my poor brother!"

The king spoke very gently to her: "Speak, Elsa. You may confide in your king."

Encouraged by his kind words, she told of a dream (56):

"Often when the hours are lonely, I sit and dream. Once a vision came to me. I saw a glorious knight, young and elegant, who promised to come to help me should I ever need a champion. I know he will come. Will you call him?" she besought the king.

As was the custom, the king called four trumpeters. They blew to the north, south, east, and west, while the herald cried out in a loud voice: "Who will fight for Elsa of Brabant! Let him appear!"

No answer came. Telramund spoke defiantly: "See! she is guilty. No knight dares fight me when she is in the wrong."

Elsa besought the king to call again, explaining that her knight dwelt far away and perhaps did not hear the trumpets. Again the four trumpeters stepped to the river's edge and blew the trumpets to the north, south, east, and west. But though the people listened intently, no answer came.

Elsa in her distress fell upon her knees and offered a prayer that the knight of her dream should come to her aid. A third time the trumpets were sounded.

The Arrival of the Champion

In the distant bend of the river Scheldt a boat drawn by a swan was seen approaching. In it stood a magnificent knight, the very one Elsa had seen in her dream. As he drew nearer the shore the crowd grew breathless. Never before had they witnessed such a strange sight. About the neck of the white swan was a golden band from which golden reins extended. In his gleaming helmet and his silver coat the knight made a dazzling appearance. His shield was of gold. At his side hung a golden sword and a golden horn. All took off their hats and bowed low to the mysterious knight as he stepped from the boat upon the bank. He lovingly stroked the soft neck of the swan and said: "I give thee thanks, my gentle swan, for guiding me safely here. Return to that land of dawn where we have so long lived happily. Your appointed task is done. Farewell, farewell, my trusty swan" (57).

The great white bird guided the skiff back toward the bend of the river whence he had come, and soon disappeared in the distance.

The knight then stepped before the king and saluted him. The king, acknowledging the salute, asked, "What brings you here in this dread hour?"

"I come," said the knight, "to be the champion of an innocent maid, Elsa, who has been unjustly accused." Turning to Elsa, he said: "I accept the challenge of Telramund and will fight for you. Should I prove the victor, I want you for my bride. But you must first take a vow

not to ask my name or whence I came until a year has passed."

Elsa gladly consented to this request of her knight.

The friends of Telramund begged him not to fight with the mysterious stranger. But his wicked wife, Ortrud, whispered to him, "Draw your sword."

The king sent three Saxon nobles to attend the mysterious knight, and three nobles of Brabant to attend Telramund. The two knights took their places within the circle, and the king offered a prayer (58) that the man whose cause was just should win in the combat. The king struck his sword three times against his shield, which hung on the Oak of Justice. This was the signal to begin. Telramund and the champion of Elsa rushed at each other with drawn swords, but the struggle was short, for Telramund soon fell to the ground. The stranger generously spared his life and helped him to his feet. Ortrud and Telramund slipped away in disgrace as the crowds loudly cheered the victor.

Ortrud's Plot for Revenge

Telramund and Ortrud were greatly chagrined over their defeat, and planned revenge. That night, seated on the church steps, they plotted against Elsa and her champion.

Telramund told his wife that she was to blame for all his misery. "Once I was respected by all the people," he wailed. "Now I have lost my knighthood and must hide myself in shame. I am only a wretch, hated and despised by all men."

In answer Ortrud persuaded him to sit down by her while she told him her plan of revenge. "Tonight I read in the stars a secret," she whispered. "If this mysterious knight can be made to tell his name, his power will end. No one but Elsa can make him do this. So I shall pretend to be her friend and give her advice. Then I'll taunt her about not knowing her lover's name and arouse her suspicions."

Just then Elsa appeared on the balcony of a neighboring house. Ortrud and Telramund hid behind a pillar of the church and listened while she sang a joyous song telling of her great happiness (**59**).

"Trust in me," said Ortrud to her husband as she left him standing in the darkness. "I shall have revenge."

Drawing her black shawl over her head and humbly approaching Elsa, Ortrud pleaded: "Have pity on me and my poor husband. We are very, very sorry and seek your pardon, dear maid."

The kind-hearted, gentle Elsa hastened from the balcony down the steps to the street to cheer the sorrowful Ortrud. The woman, to deceive the trusting Elsa further, knelt and pretended to pray. The lovely girl was so touched by the piety and humility of Ortrud that she put her arm about her shoulders, speaking words of comfort: "It makes me so sad to see you grieve. If I have caused you all this sorrow, I humbly ask your pardon. Weep no more, my dear. Dry your tears. Come to my wedding tomorrow and rejoice with me" (**60**).

Ortrud, seeing that she had won the confidence of Elsa,

now began her task of destroying the girl's faith in her strange champion.

"Since my husband's defeat I am poor and lone, no better than a servant. But I'll always be your true friend, sweet maid, no matter what happens," said the deceitful Ortrud. "I want to warn you, my dear Elsa, against this strange knight. You do not know even his name. Maybe he will leave you as mysteriously as he came. Do not believe all he tells you."

After planting the seeds of suspicion in Elsa's heart, Ortrud bade her an affectionate good night. Telramund then came forth from his hiding-place. He and his wife rejoiced over the apparent success of their deceit. But the cruel words of Ortrud had not shaken Elsa's faith, and she remained loyal to her knight.

The Wedding Day

The next morning the castle yard was a busy place. From the turrets the trumpeters blew their calls summoning the people to the wedding ceremony of Elsa and her champion. From all directions the nobles, the country people, and the servants poured into the square. When all were assembled, the herald of the king stepped forth and announced: "Telramund is a traitor. All subjects are forbidden to help him by order of the king. The mysterious knight, who will this day become the husband of Elsa, shall be the ruler of Brabant."

The crowds cheered and shouted, "All hail, duke of Brabant." Then they crowded toward the church to await

the coming of the bride and groom. Four pages cleared a path through the crowd. Elsa, dressed in long, flowing white robes, appeared accompanied by her bridesmaids. Suddenly Ortrud stepped before her and, lifting her right hand, shouted, "Stop!"

Elsa, not understanding the fierce look in the eyes of the woman who had begged for her friendship and sympathy the night before, asked, "What does this mean, Ortrud?"

"My husband, a valiant prince, has been tricked by a stranger whom no one knows. You are his bride-to-be, yet you cannot even speak his name," she scornfully taunted.

Elsa, usually timid and shy, was aroused to anger by the words of Ortrud and replied: "My knight is pure and noble. He was sent to me from heaven in answer to my prayer. All the nobles present will bear witness that he is worthy of the highest honor and glory. Him will I always love and defend."

Just then the king, the stranger-knight, and the Saxon nobles entered amid the cheers of the people.

"As I came in," said the king, "I heard harsh, angry words. Tell me what is the cause of this trouble on so joyous a day."

Elsa's champion stepped to her side, saying, "Why is this evil one present?"

"Last night I found her weeping," answered Elsa. "Feeling sorry for her, I sought to comfort and cheer her, and now she repays me with cruel taunts."

The knight ordered Ortrud away. Turning to his

promised bride, he asked anxiously: "What has this wicked woman been saying to you? Tell me, Elsa; tell me."

"She twits me for my boundless trust in thee," explained Elsa.

Again the bridal party started toward the church door, but was halted a second time by Telramund, who rushed into the square shouting, "Dear king and nobles, this mysterious stranger is a wicked sorcerer and not worthy to be a knight."

"Begone!" said the king.

"Listen, my king," went on Telramund; "this man refuses to tell his name and country. Only through black magic could he be guided by a swan. Again I say he is a sorcerer."

In answer to this charge the stranger said: "I need make no reply to an earthly prince. Not even a king can command me. I shall answer no one but Elsa, the maid of my heart, to whom I have pledged my life and my honor."

This reply won the admiration of the king, who refused to allow Telramund to speak again. As Elsa passed by, however, Telramund whispered into her ear: "You do not know his name. Doubt him." Upon seeing this, the knight ordered Telramund away, threatening to kill him if he even dared to cross his path again. Without further delays the bridal party entered the church (61).

After the ceremony the people sang a song in honor of the bride and groom as they escorted them to their rooms

in the great castle. Pages with lighted torches led the way, followed by the king and his nobles, who marched with the knight, the new duke of Brabant. Behind them came Elsa, with her bridesmaids and ladies of the court. When they reached the castle, all crowded about Elsa and her husband, wishing them lifelong happiness. After a beautiful song of farewell the guests departed (**62**).

The taunts of the wicked pair had done their deadly work. As soon as Elsa and her husband were alone (**63**) she began to think of the slurs of Ortrud and Telramund. Unable longer to conceal her doubts, she broke her vow and asked the fatal question. "My dear husband, tell me your name."

"Elsa! Elsa!" called out the startled knight. "Remember your promise" (**64**).

But she insisted on knowing his name. Coaxingly she said, "Tell me, where no one else can hear."

"My dear Elsa, remember your vow," warned her husband.

Again and again she begged him to tell her his name.

"I shall keep it a secret," she assured him, hoping thus to induce him to answer the fatal question.

"Elsa, you know not what you do," replied her husband, seeking to turn aside her curiosity. But his pleading was in vain. She kept insisting that he speak his name, even hinting that he might be a sorcerer.

Suddenly the door was burst open, and Telramund and four of his followers dashed in. They drew their swords and rushed at the stranger. Elsa, quick to see the danger,

handed her husband his sword. With one stroke he killed the evil-minded Telramund. The four knights dropped their swords and knelt before the valiant knight. Elsa fell fainting upon his shoulder. Several ladies of the court came to the rescue of Elsa and carried her out of the room.

"All my joys are fled forever," said the knight. "Carry Telramund's body to the king's judgment hall. Tell Elsa that tomorrow, before the king and his nobles, I shall tell my name and whence I came." With head bowed sadly, he walked slowly out of the room.

The Stranger's Farewell

The next morning the army was assembled on the bank of the river, awaiting the arrival of the commander, the new duke of Brabant. The king could not understand why he did not appear. Soon the four knights entered, carrying the body of Telramund. Following them came Elsa, her eyes cast down. She was so weak that she leaned for support on the arm of a noble lady who kindly offered to help her. With firm step the knight of mystery entered. The soldiers cheered their new leader. He stepped forth and saluted the king. "I ask to be excused from taking command of the army," he said. His unexpected request startled his hearers. A great hush fell over the people as he rose to address them (**65**): "I did not come here to lead you to battle. I came to defend the innocent Elsa. I had hoped to stay here always among you and be happy with my bride. But, alas! she has broken her promise and demands that I tell my name and country."

By this time the audience was so still that one wondered if any even breathed.

The knight proceeded with his speech, quite forgetful of his listeners: "Many, many years ago angels brought from heaven (66) the Holy Grail, the cup from which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper. On Montsalvat they built a beautiful shrine to hold the immortal cup. Above it is ever a circle of light. He who looks but once upon this sacred cup is made pure of heart. Champion knights guard the holy shrine day and night. Once every year a dove descends from heaven to bring divine courage to these faithful knights who guard the Holy Grail. They leave Montsalvat only to defend the innocent. Since they fight only for the right, they cannot be defeated. But when they defend earthly creatures, they dare not tell their names; for if that is known to men, they must depart and flee." Turning to Elsa, he went on: "The Grail sent me to defend you, innocent maid. My father is Percival, who reigns on Montsalvat. I am a knight of the Holy Grail, and Lohengrin is my name."

By the time he had finished his speech most of the ladies and many of the men were sobbing softly. Around the bend of the river the swan could be seen approaching. Elsa, fearing the swan would take her husband away from her, cried out, "Look! the swan!" Almost fainting, she leaned on the arm of a court lady who came to her assistance.

As the boat drew nearer, Lohengrin bade his wife a touching farewell: "Oh, Elsa! could you have waited but

a year and kept your promise, I would have told you the secret. Think what joys your doubts have ended. But I must not stay too long; I must obey my father, who guards the Holy Grail."

Taking the horn and the sword from his side, he handed them to her, saying: "If your brother Godfrey returns, give him these. When on the battlefield he needs help, tell him to blow this horn. With my sacred sword he can conquer every foe."

Taking the gold ring from his finger, he gave it to her. "Tell him to wear this ring in memory of Lohengrin, who befriended him. Farewell, my love! farewell, my wife! I return to Montsalvat to remain there forever, a knight of the Holy Grail."

With drooping spirit and a heavy heart he walked toward the bank of the river.

With the departure of Lohengrin, Ortrud rushed into the crowd and boastingly shouted: "Aha! my magic art is supreme! I bewitched Godfrey by placing a gold band about his neck, and he is none other than the swan there. See, the gold band still encircles his throat!"

As she gleefully strutted about, the people cursed her for being a witch and threatened to burn her to death.

But the power of Lohengrin was not gone. Sinking upon his knees, he offered a prayer. In answer a beautiful white dove came floating down from the clouds and hovered over the skiff. It was the dove of the Holy Grail. As it came nearer, Lohengrin loosened the band on the swan's neck, and, behold, a wonderful transformation!

The swan sank from sight. Lohengrin lifted out of the water onto the bank a beautiful prince in shining armor. To the people he said, "Behold the duke of Brabant!"

Outdone at last, the villainous Ortrud fell fainting on the bank, a victim of her own evil schemes.

"All hail, Godfrey, duke of Brabant!" shouted the soldiers, as they crowded about him. Elsa clasped her lost brother in her arms. Recovering from their surprise, the crowd looked round for Lohengrin. Lo! the dove of the Holy Grail was mysteriously guiding the boat up the river and far away toward Montsalvat. In it Lohengrin stood with head bent, leaning on his shield. The amazed people watched silently until he had passed round the bend of the Scheldt whence he came. As he disappeared from sight they broke into loud weeping. Elsa, unable longer to endure her grief, sank lifeless into her brother's arms, her last breath calling, "Lohengrin, Lohengrin!" But Lohengrin was gone forever.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN (67)

Symphonic Poem by César Franck

IT WAS a Sunday morning years and years ago. The air was filled with the sound of church bells. The small ones gave forth a mere dingdong; the great chimes pealed forth sacred tunes that flooded the countryside with their music. Cartloads of simple peasants, all dressed in their gay Sunday clothes, jogged over the rough country road on their way to church.

Upon the rocky cliff just above the valley the count of the Rhine lived in a great stone castle. He was the rich landowner from whom the humble peasants rented their small farms. He rode to church in a splendid coach drawn by four white horses. The bright red coat of his coachman could usually be seen far in the distance, but this Sunday morning the eager eyes of the peasants searched in vain for the beautiful carriage of the count of the Rhine. Could it be that he was not attending church this Sunday!

"Halloo! halloo!" suddenly rang upon the clear morning air. The peasants looked in all directions to see what rascal was thus disturbing the peace of the Sabbath. Surprised, indeed, were they to see the count in hunting costume riding toward them. With him were a number of his wealthy friends, all ready for the chase. The baying

of the hounds and the shouts of the happy hunters mingled with the music of the bells and the chants of the pious country folk. Seeking the timid deer, they were led over cornfields, moors, and meadows.

The horrified peasants shouted words of warning as the hunters fled past them.

"Stop, count of the Rhine, we entreat you," said one.

"No luck comes to a man who goes hunting on Sunday. Stop, we pray you!" shouted another.

"Stop, count of the Rhine, we implore you! Hear the pious chants!" called out an old man from an oxcart as the wild riders dashed by him.

But no! the hunters rushed madly on like a whirlwind. Across the valley they rode at full speed, toward the low hills beyond, and were lost to sight.

Late in the day the count, in pursuit of a stag, strayed from his fellow hunters and was lost in the hills. Finding himself alone, he looked about in all directions, wondering how he should find his way back to the meeting-place, where the evening camp fire was to be lighted. Soon his eye sighted a trail. "I will follow this path," he said to himself.

He spurred his horse, but the animal stood motionless as a statue. The spurs bounced back again and again from his unfeeling sides, and he did not move. In his distress the count jerked his hunting-horn from the saddle to call for help. Taking a deep breath, he blew as hard as he could into the horn, but not a sound came forth. Again he blew, with the same discouraging result. Summoning all

his strength, he tried a third time, only to be disappointed again. Try as he would, he could not blow his horn. His breath exhausted, he was limp and weak, and he slumped into his saddle.

Startled by a mighty wind sweeping toward him from the rear, he abruptly stood up in his stirrups. In less than a minute he was encircled by innumerable grinning demons. Pointing fingers of scorn at him, they said, "Ha, ha! now we have you in our power."

Creeping closer to him, they sneered at him, saying, "You went hunting on Sunday, count of the Rhine."

Their leader stepped forward and pronounced this sentence upon him. In a deep voice he spoke: "You shall forever be a hunter, pursued by hideous demons."

What a terrible punishment! Flames sprang up about the count on all sides. Much to his surprise his horse started to run. The animal sped terror-stricken over the trails, with hordes of demons close at his heels. The rider clung with a tight grip to the saddle, as they rode on and on.

Even to this day, when a storm rages and the night wind moans, the simple-minded peasants believe that the ghost of the count of the Rhine is fleeing through the air, ever seeking to escape from the pack of demons who chase him by night and by day over mountain and valley. Mothers have for generations pointed to the spectral ruins of the stone castle on the cliff and told their children about the awful fate of the count of the Rhine, who went hunting on the Sabbath Day.

FUNERAL MARCH OF A MARIONETTE (68)

Charles François Gounod

A MARIONETTE is a wooden doll whose body is strung with many wires that one can pull, making the doll do many strange, funny things.

Once upon a time two marionettes got into an argument, each claiming that he was in the right. Louder and louder they talked, and more and more angry they grew, until they finally came to blows. Lo! one poor marionette got his wooden nose broken, and this severe injury caused his death.

All his actor friends, as was the custom, attended his funeral. They wept varnished tears as they trudged along the road after the funeral procession. The day was very warm. Their feet of oak, pine, and spruce fairly scorched in the hot dust of the country road. As they were passing a wayside inn one said, "Brothers, let us stop and enjoy a cool drink."

"Ah, that is a fine suggestion," said another.

So the marionette troupe filed into the inn. Their wooden joints fairly creaked as they sat down, so tired and thirsty were they. As they sipped the cool drinks they gradually became refreshed. Soon they began to carry on an animated conversation about their departed brother, and their wooden tongues clapped often and glibly.

"He was a good fellow, but he had no talent," remarked one.

"Well, he was a fairly good actor," announced another, from across the table.

"He could certainly play the part of a king," piped up a third.

Just then one of the marionettes, looking at his watch, called out excitedly: "We'll have to run if we are to get there in time for the funeral. The procession is no doubt at the cemetery gates now."

There was a scurry of wooden feet. Click, clack! click, clack! sounded upon the air as they hastened down the steps. A fog of dust clouded the road as the troupe of marionettes clattered along, running as fast as their little wooden legs would carry them.

Fortunately for them they arrived just in time to enter the gates of the cemetery with the dignified procession. Each marionette wiped the dust off his wooden feet and the perspiration from his polished brow. With heads bowed reverently, the stiff-kneed wooden actors walked at the rear of the funeral train, paying their last respects to their departed brother.

THE TWO GRENADIERS (69)

Art Ballad by Schumann

A LITTLE over a hundred years ago Napoleon was emperor of France. Like many men before him, his ambition was to rule the world. Nation after nation came under his control. Russia, the great giant, however, was hard to conquer. With a large army of the picked soldiers of France he marched into Russia, where he met a crushing defeat. Many of his men died from hunger and cold, and many others were captured and left to die miserably in the dark prisons of Russia.

The ballad "The Two Grenadiers" tells a story of two Frenchmen who, when freed from a Russian prison, started back to their homeland to rejoin Napoleon's army. They managed after many days to reach the frontier of Germany. There sad news awaited them.

During their long prison term the military glory of Napoleon had vanished. His army had been subdued, and the great leader himself was held captive.

Bowed down with grief, they lacked the courage to continue their journey.

"I'm faint and worn," said one. "The bullet wound in my arm is sore and aching."

"I too am stricken with grief and pain," said the other. "But I've a wife and child in France, and I must go on."

"Alas! our emperor rules no more," they repeated together, bewailing their fate.

"Will you do me a favor?" asked one.

"What is the boon you ask of me?" questioned the other.

"When I die, see to it that I am buried in my native France, my cross and ribbon on my heart, my musket by my right side, and my sword by my left. And thus, as a sentinel, I shall lie until Napoleon shall again rule. And when he rides to conquest again, I shall seize my weapons and leap from my grave."

Summoning all his strength he stood erect, waving his cap as he poured forth his remaining strength in the patriotic outburst, "My emperor, my emperor, defending!"

But neither of the two grenadiers ever reached their fatherland. They, like thousands of others who followed Napoleon, filled nameless graves in alien lands.

OBERON

Opera by Weber

The Plot of Oberon and Puck

IN FAR-AWAY Elfland lived Oberon, king of the fairies (70). As he slept, fairies tripped lightly about his golden couch, keeping watch lest someone disturb the sleep of their king (71). But still he did not rest well, for his heart was sad. He had quarreled that day with the lovely Titania, his partner and queen of fairyland.

For many days Oberon and Titania remained unreconciled. Finally they agreed never to speak to each other again until they found two lovers who were faithful to each other under all trials and temptations.

Now of all Oberon's fairies, Puck was the brightest and cleverest. He could run the fastest and jump the highest. Oberon lovingly called him "tricksy spirit" and had chosen him to be his personal messenger.

Puck, just returning from the court of Charlemagne in France, whither he had gone to deliver a message for Oberon, inquired of the fairies about his master. When informed that he was asleep, he stepped lightly to a seat behind a curtain, where he awaited his master's call.

When Oberon awoke, Puck advanced toward his couch, saluting him with, "Hail, master!"

"Where have you been, my tricksy spirit, since the cock crew?" inquired the fairy ruler.

"Round the globe, seeking that which might console my king," answered Puck, bowing low before Oberon.

"My faithful Puck! my true servant! tell me what you have found," said the fairy king.

Puck related this story: "A few hours ago I stood beside the throne of Charlemagne, king of France. Sir Huon is the most distinguished knight in Charlemagne's court. No one else is so skillful with the spear and sword as Sir Huon. In riding, in wrestling, in archery contests, he always wins the prize.

"A few days ago the son of Charlemagne challenged him to combat, and, as was to be expected, the king's son was killed.

"For this Sir Huon was given a strange punishment. Charlemagne ordered him to go to far-off Bagdad, slay the person who sits at the right hand of Haroun, ruler of Bagdad, and win Rezia, the Caliph's daughter, for his bride."

"Has Sir Huon started on his dangerous journey?" inquired the king.

"Yes, master," replied Puck.

"Is he alone?" asked Oberon.

"His one companion is his armor-bearer, Sherasmin," answered Puck.

"Bring them to me," ordered his master.

Puck, being a spirit, could fly over land and sea swifter than a thought. He found Sir Huon and Sherasmin asleep on the mossy bank of a river, resting before starting on

their long, perilous journey. By fairy magic they were transported to the dwelling of Oberon, and at the foot of his throne they finished their quiet sleep.

"King of fairyland, behold Sir Huon and his armor-bearer," said Puck.

"What a good little goblin you are," exclaimed Oberon, smiling.

Oberon, master of all magic, had determined to use Sir Huon and Rezia to bring about his reunion with his queen, Titania. So he showed Rezia to Sir Huon in a vision. Her dark beauty fascinated the knight, who promptly fell in love with her. This was exactly what Oberon wished him to do. After Sir Huon awoke, the fairy king promised him he should possess this beautiful maiden whom he had seen in his dream.

And while Rezia slept in distant Bagdad the king of fairyland showed her Sir Huon in a dream (72). The noble face of the splendid knight made a deep and lasting impression on the daughter of Haroun. No royal follower of the court of Bagdad interested her any longer. She could think only of the peerless knight she had seen in her vision.

Huon and his Armor-Bearer reach Babylon

In those days the journey from France to Bagdad was long and dangerous. Bands of robbers infested the few roads, ready to swoop down upon merchants carrying their wares to distant lands.

Knowing of these dangers, Oberon awoke Sir Huon and his companion. "To you, Sir Huon, I give this magic

horn. When in danger, blow it. Then my fairies will come from the north, south, east, and west to protect you. This magic horn has power to turn your enemies into friends. All who hear its enchanted notes will begin to laugh, sing, and dance. Should you need me, blow a louder blast, and I shall be at your side, though continents and seas lie between us." Then Oberon, waving his magic wand over the two, put them to sleep and summoned his fairies to dance about them (73).

When they awoke they found themselves on the bank of the river Tigris. In the distance could be seen the walls and towers of Babylon.

But Oberon and the fairies were nowhere to be seen. Sherasmin looked round, wondering where he could be. Shaking his master, he said: "Be up, Sir Huon. Tell me, am I bewitched? Are those really towers that I see, or is it merely a vision?"

"Oh, no! it is actually Babylon, where dwells Rezia, whom I saw in my dream," replied Sir Huon as he stared at the city walls. "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight!" (74)

Meanwhile preparations were being made in the palace of Haroun, ruler of Babylon, for the marriage of his daughter Rezia to Babekan, a Saracen prince, whom Rezia sincerely hated. The evening before the eventful day, while Rezia and her maid, Fatima, were together, someone knocked at the door of the secret passage.

"Go and see who knocks," said Rezia impatiently to Fatima, who obeyed at once.

"It is the knight that you saw in your dream," Fatima

exclaimed excitedly upon her return. "He has come to rescue you from the Saracen."

Rezia was overjoyed at the prospect of her rescue (75).

The next day a great feast was to be held in celebration of the wedding of the daughter of the Caliph and the Saracen prince. Attended by many slaves, both black and white, Rezia and Fatima entered the great palace hall. Before them went dancing girls, who scattered flowers in the path of the bride. Prince Babekan, in a striking uniform, sat at the right of Haroun, the Caliph of Bagdad (76). The throne room was decorated with brilliant pennants and varicolored flowers. Soldiers in gay uniforms and ladies in gorgeous costumes crowded into the room to get a view of the beautiful princess. As Rezia advanced to meet Babekan, Sir Huon and Sherasmin, with drawn swords, dashed into the hall and up to the very throne of Haroun, demanding Rezia.

Prince Babekan quickly drew his sword and rushed at Sir Huon. The combat was brief, for the Saracen, being no match for the skillful fighter from France, was killed. The Caliph in despair called out, "Allah, Allah! slay the intruder!"

The infuriated crowd rushed at Sir Huon.

Sherasmin, realizing the danger, whispered to Huon, "Master! the horn! the horn!"

Sir Huon blew a very loud blast. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and the earth trembled. The Saracens were terrified. Out of the center of the clouds appeared Oberon.

"Huon, you have redeemed the pledge you made to Charlemagne. Rezia is your wife," said Oberon. Turning to Sherasmin, he said, "Fatima is your bride."

Waving his wand over the four, he transported them to the seashore. To them he said: "The boat lying yonder in the bay is ready to depart for Greece. Get on board, my friends. Remember, when you need me, to blow a loud blast on your magic horn."

The two happy couples boarded the ship and were soon on their way to Greece, where they hoped to board another ship for France (77).

The Shipwreck

Puck, however, did not think the lovers had been tested enough to fulfill the conditions for the reunion of Oberon and his queen. Seated on a rock on the seashore, he called upon the spirits of the elements. In answer to his appeal the spirits of wind, lightning, water, and storm came to him and danced about him (78), asking, "What can we do?"

"Shall we darken the sun?" said one.

"Shall we cut the moon in two?" asked another.

"Must we empty the ocean upon its own shore?" spoke a third.

"Speak, speak," said they all. "We have power to do this and more."

Puck answered, "Wreck the ship upon which Huon and Rezia are fleeing to Greece, and dash them upon the shore."

"Ah, that is easy," answered the spirits. "Wind and waves obey the spell."

"Farewell, farewell," said they as they disappeared into the air.

Soon a terrible storm arose. Though the little ship endured the onrush of the big waves for a long time, it was finally dashed helplessly upon the rocks and was wrecked.

The unfortunate passengers were thrown into the angry waters. Sir Huon clung to a piece of timber from the ship. He dragged the unconscious form of his wife from the waves and, with the aid of the timber, swam to shore with her. After carrying her a short distance, he found a cavern sheltered from the storm. Here he worked to restore her to consciousness. Fearing she might die, he uttered a prayer (79).

His prayer was answered. Before long Rezia opened her eyes and in a dazed way inquired, "Where are we?"

Her husband told her of the shipwreck and how they had reached the cave. After several hours Rezia regained her strength and walked out upon the sandy shore to view the wreck. Looking out upon the ocean, she sighed, "Ocean, thou art a mighty monster" (80).

They wondered what had happened to their friends, Fatima and Sherasmin. Both feared they had perished in the shipwreck.

As the storm cleared away, and the setting sun shone forth in full splendor, a ship was sighted on the distant horizon. For a long time Huon and his wife watched it. As it drew nearer the shore a boat pulled off from the large vessel and started toward them.

"See! we are saved," shouted Rezia joyfully. "They are coming to our rescue. Let us go down to meet them."

They hurried down to the shore. Lo! pirates jumped out of the boat and rushed upon Huon, knocking him senseless to the ground. Poor Rezia was captured and carried away to the pirate ship.

Oberon, ever near, was moved with pity at the sorry plight of the brave Sir Huon, and rushed to his aid. As he bent over the gallant figure of the unconscious knight he said: "From boyhood you were trained to battle, and life without honor you will not endure. You will always follow the path of duty, noble knight" (81). Then, stamping his foot, he called out, "Puck! my brave spirit!"

"Here I am, great king," answered Puck as he stood before Oberon.

"I have work for you to do, Puck," said Oberon. "Guard Sir Huon until seven days have passed. By that time the pirate ship will have cast anchor in the bay of Tunis. Then, through the air, speed with him, and when you have laid him down at the door of the gardener in the palace of the Emir of Tunis, bid him awake."

"Your will is done, mighty king of fairyland," answered Puck, as he waved his wand above the sleeping knight. Flowers of every color sprang from the sandy shore and shielded Sir Huon from the rays of the sun. Puck, seated on a lonely rock, watched the sun sink into the ocean. Soon the moon rose, casting her pallid light upon the sea. Mermaids came out to play and dance merrily upon the waves (82).

Oberon called upon all the fairies of his land to enjoy the moonlight and frolic on the sands while the mermaids and water nymphs danced upon the sea (83). Their revels lasted all night long; but with the first gray light of dawn the fairy spirits disappeared, leaving only Puck to watch over Sir Huon.

In the Garden of the Emir of Tunis

Unknown to Rezia and Huon, Fatima and Sherasmin had escaped from the wreck and reached the shore, not far away from the cavern where Rezia and Huon had sought shelter. They too had been captured by the pirates and were prisoners on the same ship where Rezia was held captive.

When the seven days had passed, the pirate ship dropped anchor in the bay of Tunis. The prisoners were immediately taken to the slave market. On account of her rare beauty Rezia brought a high price and was purchased by the Emir of Tunis himself. Fatima and Sherasmin were sold as slaves to the Emir's gardener, who made them toil at hard labor all day long in the gardens.

Obeying the orders of his master, Puck carried the sleeping Sir Huon through the air and laid him at the gardener's door. Waving his wand over him, Puck cried, "Wake! a faithful friend is near." Then Puck disappeared suddenly and returned to fairyland.

A few minutes later Sherasmin found his master sitting on the doorstep of the gardener's house. "My dear master!" exclaimed Sherasmin. "Alive! Oh, I am wild with

joy!" Seated on the stone steps, each told his tale of shipwreck and capture.

"My beloved wife," sighed Huon. "I know not what has become of her."

Just then Fatima, in the garb of a slave, ran up to him. Overjoyed at seeing Sir Huon, she hastened to tell him: "Rezia lives. I saw her today walking in the garden."

Huon was delighted beyond measure with this news. Turning to Sherasmin, he said excitedly: "May I be a slave, too? Then I can see my Rezia when she comes into the garden."

Sherasmin took Huon into the house and dressed him as a gardener's slave. He put him at work in the royal grounds, in order that he might be near his wife. Huon, a nobleman, worked contentedly beside his servant, digging in the gardens.

The Final Test

Days and weeks passed, during which Huon and Rezia often met secretly in the garden. They thought no one noticed them, but the jealous, envious wife of their master had seen them. Being suspicious of Rezia, whom she hated for her beauty, the queen sought to learn why Rezia was so interested in a gardener's slave.

So one day she ordered Sir Huon to come to her palace. Even though he wore the garb of a slave, his dignified and courtly manner betrayed him to be of noble birth and training. Indeed, the queen herself was much attracted to him and wanted him for her husband. Wishing to dispose

quickly of the Emir, who stood in her way, she said to Huon: "Tonight when my husband sleeps, slay him. You will be well paid for the deed."

Sir Huon was stunned by her request. He answered her firmly and defiantly, "I refuse to obey you." He made a dash to get away, but dozens of slave girls blocked his escape. They danced about him and sang, beseeching him to obey the wishes of their queen (84).

Before he could escape, the Emir of Tunis and a number of negro slaves armed with bows and arrows entered the room. The slave girls and the queen fled in terror.

"Slave! you dared to enter my house! Dog! within an hour you shall be burned in the palace court," shouted the enraged ruler.

As Sir Huon was being led by slaves to the stake, Rezia rushed up to her master. On bended knee she pleaded, "Pardon the man you have condemned to such a cruel death."

"Rezia!" called out Sir Huon.

"Why should you ask pardon for this slave?" inquired the Emir.

"He is my husband," replied Rezia.

"Ah, he is your husband," sneered the furious Emir. "You shall both be burned to death."

As slaves led Rezia and Sir Huon to their funeral pyre the notes of the magic horn were heard. It was the great fairy king himself who blew the loud blast (85). The slaves released Rezia and Sir Huon and began to dance gayly, but the Emir and his soldiers fled in terror. As the

clouds opened above them, Oberon and Titania descended to the earth.

"Hail, happy pair! Because of your faithfulness I am again united with my queen," spoke Oberon. "All Europe shall hear the news of your deed. Generations yet unborn shall sing the praises of Rezia the lovely and of Huon the brave." Oberon waved his fairy wand above the faithful pair and their two loyal servants. In an instant they were transported to the very throne of Charlemagne, for such was the magic power of the fairy king.

Huon and Rezia knelt at the foot of Charlemagne's throne to receive the blessing of the great emperor (86). The hall was crowded with knights, soldiers, noblemen, and ladies of the court, who joined in singing the praises (87) of the valiant Sir Huon and his beautiful bride.

TARANTELLE (88)

Chopin

MARI and Tony, two bright-eyed children, lived on a little farm in the province of Apulia in southern Italy. Their father worked in the fields and their mother toiled in the garden during the day, while the boy and girl played or worked close by. Sometimes they played hide and seek. Mari was so tiny that she could hide even behind a large cabbage, and cause Tony to hunt a long time to find her. Sometimes they swung out over the garden wall in swings made of the large grapevines that hemmed in the garden. On warm autumn days, what fun it was to rest in the cool shade of the grapevines and eat the luscious fruit!

But life was not all play for Tony and Mari. Everyone in the family had to work in order that enough money could be made to buy spaghetti, cheese, and other food for the little family. Although Mari was only six and her brother eight, still there were many ways in which they could help. In the planting season Tony dug little holes with an old knife and poured in a cup of water; Mari, following him, placed the tiny cabbage plants in the holes, patting the soft dirt round them with her chubby fingers.

In the fall they helped to dig potatoes. It was great fun to pull the new potatoes off the roots of the bushy plants.

They even made a game of their work, oftentimes, each trying to gather the larger pile of potatoes. Sometimes one would win, sometimes the other. Tony, older and stronger, could usually work faster than his sister.

Once, while waiting for Mari to finish her row, Tony sat down to rest, leaning his back against the garden wall. Looking down, he saw beside him a large, fuzzy brown spider. Its big, round eyes stuck out with wonderment and surprise as it stared at Tony. Being a boy, Tony did not jump or run away. He did not know that the interesting spider with long legs was the deadly tarantula. Seeking to make friends with the woolly stranger, he prodded him with a little stick. Instantly the tarantula jumped right into Tony's face. The boy was so surprised that he did not realize that he had been bitten on the cheek. Little Mari, noticing that her brother acted strangely, called loudly, "Mother! mother!"

When their mother arrived, she immediately recognized the tarantula's bite. Their father came running from the field close by, attracted by the screams of little Mari, who knew that something dreadful had happened to her brother and playmate. Neighbors came hurrying in answer to the frantic calls for help. When they learned that poor little Tony had been bitten by a tarantula, they scattered over the neighborhood, seeking someone who could sing and play the tune which would drive away the poison. Soon an old lady, wearing a red handkerchief on her head and carrying a mandolin under her arm, hastened to the rescue. She had been taught the wonderful tune by her grand-

mother, who had cured many people of the poison caused by the bite of the poisonous spider.

To be saved, the victim had to dance to this music until exhausted. The first one who danced with Tony was Titto, his best chum. As the old lady played on her mandolin and sang, the two boys whirled and whirled, dancing as fast as their feet could go. When Titto grew tired, his cousin Alberto became the unfortunate boy's partner, and the wild, furious dance was continued. Large beads of perspiration stood out on Tony's brow, which was considered a sign that the charm was working and the poison was being cast off. Encouraged by this, the old lady played faster and faster on her timeworn mandolin. Her heavy black earrings jangled about her ears as, still singing and playing, she began to dance wildly about to insure the action of the charm. Tony finally grew so tired that he could dance no longer, and fell to the ground, his clothes dripping with perspiration. His mother carried him into the house and laid him on his bed. After a good sleep he awoke, feeling none the worse for his experience. The music the old lady furnished had charmed away the deadly poison of the tarantula.

For many years the superstitious Italians believed that the life of one bitten by a tarantula could be saved by dancing to certain music that had the power to drive out the fatal poison. So there grew up among these people a folk dance known as the tarantella. It is even today the favorite dance of Italians.

KRAZY KAT (89)

Jazz Pantomime by Carpenter

KRAZY KAT, sound asleep under a tree, did not see Officer Pup pass by, swinging his policeman's club; nor did he see Bill Poster, a dog relative of Officer Pup, as he approached with bucket and brush and pasted upon the wall an announcement of the grand ball which was to be given shortly for the animals. Bill Poster and Officer Pup went on their way without disturbing the sleep of Krazy Kat.

When the Kat finally awoke, he rubbed his drowsy eyes and looked about him. The exciting poster was the first thing that met his eyes. His first impulse was to read the news on the brilliantly colored circular. He began to ponder over what he should wear to the grand ball.

Of a sudden he spied, on a clothesline close by, a very beautiful ballet dress, ruffled and trimmed according to the latest fashion.

"This must be my costume for the ball," said Krazy to himself. "I'll examine it."

He tiptoed up to the clothesline and eagerly snatched the skirt. Wrapping it about him, he danced about in high glee.

His jollity was interrupted by the appearance of Old

Joe Stork, who carried a big bundle on his back. Becoming tired of the load, he dropped it by the roadside and went on his way. Filled with curiosity, Krazy crept cautiously up to the mysterious pack and sniffed at it. He dragged it to his resting-place under the tree and opened it. The contents were a great surprise for the Kat. The bundle did not contain what he expected at all. Instead, it held a mirror, powder and puff, rouge, a vanity case, and many other articles necessary for a party, besides a pair of long white cotton gloves.

While Krazy Kat was absorbed in the interesting task of putting on the newly discovered make-up, Ignatz Mouse opened the door of his house close by and stuck out his head. The Mouse stole quietly up behind the much-occupied Kat and had just laid his hand upon a brick with which to strike him when along came Officer Pup just in the nick of time and drove Ignatz Mouse from the scene.

Meanwhile the unsuspecting Krazy Kat completed his make-up, quite ignorant of his narrow escape. He arose, pulled on the long white gloves, and indulged in a Spanish dance. He scampered here and there, enjoying himself while he practiced the intricate steps of the fandango.

At the conclusion of his exercise he found himself confronted by a mysterious stranger, who claimed to be a catnip merchant.

"He walks like Ignatz Mouse," thought Krazy.

"Fine sweet catnip, sir," said the stranger, seeking to tempt him.

"And he talks like Ignatz Mouse," said Krazy Kat to himself.

Stepping a little closer, the merchant held out to the ever-receptive Kat a large bouquet of appetizing catnip, urging him to accept the gift.

"Smell it, sir. It is fresh and sweet," said he.

Krazy plunged his nose into the delicious vegetable and inhaled deeply to the very bottom of his lungs.

Poor Krazy Kat! he sneezed and sneezed and sneezed, scarcely able to get his breath. He jumped up and down and whirled round and round in his wild effort to get the pepper out of his nose.

The catnip merchant was none other than the wily Ignatz. He pretended to be much disturbed over the unfortunate predicament of Krazy, and jumped round under the guise of trying to help. When the frenzy had reached its climax, the Mouse threw off his disguise, seized a brick, and dashed it into the Kat's face. Laughing and holding his sides, Ignatz scampered away, thoroughly delighted with himself.

Krazy staggered backward, stunned and almost senseless from the blow, but undaunted.

"So the catnip merchant was Ignatz Mouse," meditated Krazy, as his wits returned.

"Oh, well, what does it matter?" sighed the cheerful Kat, as he tottered over to his place under the tree. How glad he was to be at peace again under its sheltering branches. Soon he fell fast asleep. The moon rose. Krazy slept on and dreamed. Optimistic Kat!

THE ERLKING (90)

Art Ballad by Schubert

THROUGH the dark, stormy night a father rode with his child, who was sick with a fever. With one hand he held the reins, and with the other he clasped the boy close to his breast to keep him warm.

Looking down at his son, the father noticed that his face was growing pale.

"What makes you so white, my son?"

"See, father," answered the boy, "the Erlking is following us. I can see his crown and shroud."

"Dear child," said his father, "it is some misty cloud you see."

Riding closer to them, the Erlking whispered: "If you will come with me, dear boy, I'll take you where flowers bloom. You shall wear a robe of gold. Many games we will play together, too."

"Father, did you not hear what the Erlking whispered to me?" inquired the boy.

"Be quiet, my child, the strange sound was the wind blowing among the withered leaves," answered his father.

Only the child could see the terrible Erlking, who was invisible to his father.

Riding nearer to them, the Erlking coaxingly said:

"Come with me, sweet child. My beautiful daughter will sing for you sweet songs and lull you to sleep."

"Oh, father, dear father," wailed the frightened lad. "Do you not see the Erlking's daughter in the darkness?"

"Dear son, it is only the hollow gray willow tree that you see," spoke his father, seeking to comfort him as on through the storm they rode. Spurring his steed, the Erlking galloped along so close to them that the saddles rubbed each other. He spoke these threatening words, "If you do not come willingly, I shall seize you by force and carry you away."

"My father! my father! hold me closer and closer. The Erlking has laid his icy hand upon me," gasped the delirious child.

The poor father shuddered as he wrapped his coat about his small son and held him tight against his breast. He spurred his horse and rode wildly through the forest, seeking to outrun the Erlking, messenger of death.

At last he reached his home. He jumped quickly from his horse and dashed into his house, confident that he had outrun and defeated the wicked Erlking. But as he brought the cold form of the child into the light, he discovered that his son was dead. The icy grasp of the Erlking's hand had stilled his heart forever.

NUTCRACKER SUITE

Ballet by Peter Ilich Tschaikowsky

MARIE and her brothers had a beautiful Christmas tree (91). It was loaded with honey-cakes, pop corn, candy, oranges, and all the Christmas goodies, as well as with many toys for the children.

After the candles were lighted and the guests assembled, the children were called in (92) to receive their many presents, which had been hung on the tree. Such a happy family as they were!

In the midst of all this gayety a friend of Marie's father entered, his arms loaded with gifts. To each of the children he gave a doll that could walk and talk and move about as if alive. To Marie, his favorite, he gave the queerest gift, a wooden nutcracker. And, strange as it may seem, Marie liked the nutcracker best of all her gifts.

Her mischievous brother Fritz snatched it away from her, handling it so roughly that he broke it. Poor little Marie burst into tears. She picked up the broken nutcracker, caressed and petted it as if it were a real invalid, put it to bed, and rocked it to sleep.

After the party was over and the guests had departed, the candles were put out and all went to bed. But, try as she would, Marie could not sleep for thinking of her

MARIE RESCUES THE NUTCRACKER

nutcracker. At last she stole quietly downstairs to look at her favorite gift.

And what do you suppose she saw? The fir tree began to grow and grow. The little drums, the dolls, the tin soldiers, the toy pipes, and all the other toys came down from their places. Led by the nutcracker, they were parading round the tree (93). But soon from every corner of the room mice approached, bent on devouring the many sweets on the tree. War was declared between the toys and the mice. Under the generalship of King Mouse the honey-cake troops were easily defeated. The tin soldiers, led by the nutcracker, fought hard with the army of mice. Finally King Mouse and the nutcracker engaged in single combat. Little Marie, fearing that her beloved nutcracker might be defeated, threw her shoe at King Mouse, killing him instantly. The mice scattered to all corners and were seen no more.

Then the strangest thing of all happened. The nutcracker was changed into a handsome young prince, who bowed courteously to his savior and kissed her hand, just as a real prince should. He asked her to fly with him to his Magic Kingdom on Jam Mountain, and she consented. So fast they flew over the forests and plains, protected by the fairy snowflakes, that very soon they found themselves in the Magic Kingdom.

As you can tell from the name, Jam Mountain is the land of sweets and titbits. The Sugar-Plum Fairy reigned there as queen. Dressed in her queenly robes, she and all her court awaited the coming of Prince Nutcracker and

Marie. When they arrived a great feast was held in their honor. All the sweets came to pay homage to the little heroine who had saved their fairy prince.

The stick candies, the chocolates, the cookies, and all the rest of the sweets danced for Marie (94). Even coffee (95) and tea (96) joined in the merriment. The flowers that grew on Jam Mountain danced a beautiful waltz (97). The toy pipes both danced and played (98). Last, the Sugar-Plum Fairy, who was the most wonderful performer of them all, danced her prettiest, bowing most cordially to Marie (99).

Just then Marie opened her eyes wide. In the moonlight she saw the snow on neighboring house tops and on the bare black branches of the trees, and the big, fluffy snowflakes piled high on her window sill. She was not in the court of the Sugar-Plum Fairy, but was lying on her own little bed in her upstairs bedroom. It was all just a dream!

Did you ever eat so much candy, and so many cakes, nuts, and such sweet goodies on Christmas Day that you didn't sleep very well that night? That is just what little Marie did, don't you think?

THE MIKADO

Comic Opera by Gilbert and Sullivan

Nanki-Poo meets Yum-Yum

MANY, many years ago in Japan the Mikado was regarded as a god as well as a king, and the people revered and feared him (100). In those days the smallest offense merited the death penalty. This strict ruling gave the Japanese a respectful horror of their exalted monarch.

At this time there lived in Japan a young musician named Nanki-Poo, who played the second trombone in the Tartarian band at the seaside resort Titipu, the capital of the province of Toki-Saki. In the town of Titipu lived Yum-Yum, a beautiful Oriental maid. Yum-Yum spent the winters at a fashionable finishing school for girls, and the summers at her home by the sea.

Each morning she walked to the end of the pier, supposedly to listen to the music played by the band, but really to hear Nanki-Poo toot on his trombone. She became quite fascinated with the youthful, rosy-cheeked second-trombone player, who made a striking appearance in his suit of purple velvet trimmed with gold braid. But Nanki-Poo was so interested in his music that he did not

gaze at the audience, and he was wholly unconscious of the admiration of the pretty schoolgirl.

One morning the rain began to pour suddenly, forcing everyone to seek shelter in haste. The nearest place was a refreshment pavilion where fried snails and sharks' fins were sold at a small price. It was here that Nanki-Poo first saw Yum-Yum, who blushed modestly under his steady gaze. From that time on, the performance of the second-trombone player grew poorer day by day, because his eyes were busy searching the crowd for the lovely face of Yum-Yum, instead of being fixed on the music as heretofore.

A few weeks after this first meeting, another convenient shower sent all scurrying to the pavilion to escape the downpour. Nanki-Poo took advantage of this opportunity to tell Yum-Yum of his affection for her. In sobs and tears she told him of her distressful situation, namely, that she was to be married against her will to her elderly guardian, Ko-Ko, a cheap tailor of Titipu. According to the Japanese law a maiden had to marry whomever her parents or guardian chose. When the summer was over Yum-Yum returned reluctantly to school to finish her studies. Immediately after graduation she was to be married to Ko-Ko, for whom she cared not in the least.

Nanki-Poo was very sad indeed. After leaving the Tartarian band he bought a banjo and went from place to place, playing in tea houses to earn a living. By traveling and seeing new faces and places he hoped to forget the pretty Yum-Yum.

Ko-Ko becomes Lord High Executioner

The Mikado had issued a decree that anyone who wrote his name upon a public monument should be beheaded. At a tea house Nanki-Poo overheard a conversation which revealed that Ko-Ko had written his name and the address of his tailor shop on the large statue of Buddha which sat on a marble pedestal in the market place. Now, Buddha is the favorite god of the Japanese, and to deface such a sacred image was a serious offense, meriting the most rigid punishment. Ko-Ko was condemned to be beheaded, according to the decree of the all-just Mikado. This was good news to Nanki-Poo, who hastened to Titipu to claim the hand of Yum-Yum, who would be free to marry him, since her guardian was to be put to death for the shameful outrage of writing his name in a public place.

The inhabitants of Titipu were much disturbed over this alarming news, because their town had been free of crime for so many years that they had dispensed with the office of Lord High Executioner upon the retirement of the former officeholder at the advanced age of ninety-eight. The town council held many meetings before a decision was reached which would meet the emergency. The matter was settled by appointing Ko-Ko as Lord High Executioner. Since Ko-Ko was the man sentenced to death, since no man could behead himself, and since he could behead no one until he had beheaded himself, all the people would escape punishment for their offenses. The council came to the conclusion that this arrangement would make a jolly state of affairs.

The day upon which Ko-Ko took office (101) was made a holiday. Flags were hung everywhere, and fireworks were heard in all directions. Dressed in a magnificent robe of black and gold and carrying a sword six feet long, his badge of office, Ko-Ko was an imposing figure as he ascended the platform to address the cheering populace (102). In his speech he mentioned a long list of people who he thought would not be missed if executed at his command. After he had finished he was driven in a gold carriage to his new home, the palace of the Lord High Executioner, amid the cheers of the people.

One, however, remained in the market place. This was the wealthy miser Pooh-Bah, who stayed to go over the ground on his hands and knees, looking for pennies that might have dropped from the pockets of the loose robes worn by the men. Pooh-Bah claimed to be descended from the ancient royal lineage of Japan. When not hunting money he spent the time building his family tree, which he exhibited with great pride to those who would listen to his tiresome story. He was so busy sifting the dust of the market place for lost coins that he did not notice the minstrel who, with banjo under his arm, wandered into the deserted place (103). Nanki-Poo stepped up to Pooh-Bah and tapped him on the shoulder. Pooh-Bah, much embarrassed at being discovered at this beggarly task, arose and addressed the young man in a dignified manner. He explained that he did this menial work to rebuke his haughty ancestors, and proceeded to relate to Nanki-Poo the tale of his royal forefathers.

The minstrel learned from Pooh-Bah that Ko-Ko had been condemned to death, but had been made Lord High Executioner, which was the highest office that any citizen could attain. This was both startling and unpleasant news to Nanki-Poo, who saw his hopes of marrying the girl of his choice fade away. He told Pooh-Bah of his love for Yum-Yum, to which the miser listened only half-heartedly at first, because he was occupied with searching for fallen pence. Then the idea came to him that he might get some money from the distracted youth, who, he figured, would be willing to part with all he had for any information concerning Yum-Yum.

When a common cheap tailor was appointed to the highest position in the town, all the other officers were greatly insulted and immediately resigned. Ko-Ko was left with no helpers whatever. The greedy Pooh-Bah suggested that he be appointed to fill all the vacant places, and this plan solved the perplexing situation most agreeably. So Pooh-Bah became First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chamberlain, Attorney-General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Private Secretary, Lord Chief Justice, and all the others. Besides these, he was Commander in Chief, Archbishop of Titipu, and Lord Mayor. The part that pleased him most about this arrangement was the large sum of money awarded him, for he received the salary attached to each office. Possessing such unlimited power, Pooh-Bah was the proper person to give Nanki-Poo the information he desired. He lost no time in telling the young man of the many important positions he held.

"I tell state secrets at a low figure," said Pooh-Bah, sticking out his hand. Nanki-Poo gave him all the money he had.

"A very small sum," sneered Pooh-Bah, weighing the coins in his hand.

Nevertheless he told the minstrel that Yum-Yum was to return from school that day and would be married at sunset to her guardian, Ko-Ko. Poor Nanki-Poo went away much disturbed over this heart-rending news. When he left, Pooh-Bah resumed his pleasant task of groveling in the dirt, becoming so occupied that he did not notice the approach of Ko-Ko until he tapped him on the shoulder.

"Pooh-Bah," said Ko-Ko, thoughtfully, "I want to consult you on a matter of great importance."

"I am all ears," answered Pooh-Bah, politely, as he stood up to listen.

The two held a lengthy conversation concerning the amount of public money which could be spent on Ko-Ko's wedding festivities, which were to continue for a whole week. By bribing Pooh-Bah with a sum of money Ko-Ko obtained his permission to spare no expense. Since Pooh-Bah was Lord High Everything Else, his consent was all that was necessary.

Yum-Yum and her Bridesmaids arrive

Just as this arrangement had been completed, Yum-Yum and her bridesmaids approached, returning from school. On one side of Yum-Yum was Pitti-Sing, and on the other, Peep-Bo, her dearest chums (104). Ko-Ko

bowed very awkwardly and so low that his bald head fairly glistened, causing a ripple of laughter among the girls. People crowded about to welcome them. In the midst of this reception the three young ladies caught sight of Nanki-Poo, who had managed to get into the courtyard with the crowd to take a last look at his beloved Yum-Yum. The three maids rushed up to him, all talking at once as fast as they could. Nanki-Poo no doubt understood that they were glad to see him, but surely he was not able to understand what they said.

Ko-Ko looked on with envy while Yum-Yum and her chums showered their attentions upon a mere wandering musician. Nanki-Poo threw himself at Ko-Ko's feet and confessed his love for Yum-Yum. The insolent Lord High Executioner ordered Pish-Tush, a noble lord, to take the minstrel by the back of the neck and throw him out of the place. Thus Nanki-Poo made an unbecoming and embarrassing exit.

Pooh-Bah, filled with the pride of his royal ancestors, stood very stiffly and refused to recognize the impertinent schoolmaids. Only when commanded to do so by the Lord High Executioner did he bow and accept an introduction to Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, and Peep-Bo. When the two noble gentlemen departed, the three girls laughed heartily at both of them.

As the sunset hour approached, the time set for her wedding, Yum-Yum grew melancholy. She went alone into the garden to try to think of a way of escape. As she strolled among the flowers, her head bowed in deep thought, Nanki-

Poo rushed up to her. He had been hiding in the garden awaiting an opportunity to talk with her alone.

"Refuse to marry that horrid creature," he pleaded, "and marry me instead."

"What! I, who am the ward of the Lord High Executioner! I could not marry a minstrel," she answered rather haughtily.

"I'll tell you a secret, Yum-Yum," said he, drawing closer to her. He whispered into her ear, "I am not a minstrel; I am the *son of His Majesty, the Mikado*!"

"The son of the Mikado!" exclaimed Yum-Yum in great amazement. "The heir to the throne of Japan?"

"Yes," said Nanki-Poo.

Yum-Yum fell on her knees and bowed very low three times to express her reverence for Japan's future ruler.

In those days a young man had to marry whomever his father chose, or be beheaded. Katisha, elderly and homely, had secured the Mikado's permission to be married to his young son. To escape this unhappy fate the prince had fled from the palace and disguised himself as a musician, to evade capture by his irate parent.

When Nanki-Poo had finished his story, Yum-Yum returned to the courtyard, determined not to wed Ko-Ko that evening.

Ko-Ko substitutes Nanki-Poo

As Ko-Ko was preparing for his wedding, Pish-Tush came rushing in to him and handed him a letter from the Mikado. Pish-Tush and Pooh-Bah listened while Ko-Ko

read the alarming contents of the note, which declared that unless an execution took place within a week the town of Titipu would no longer be the capital of the province.

Pooh-Bah, who owned much property in Titipu, was much concerned over this news. He was always thinking of money, and if Titipu became a mere village his property would fall in value.

"Well," remarked Pooh-Bah, looking directly at Ko-Ko, "since you are already under sentence of death, everything points to *you*."

"Nonsense," replied Ko-Ko, emphatically. "It has been already proved that a man cannot cut off his own head."

Pish-Tush came to the rescue with the timely suggestion that they seek a substitute.

"Fine! fine!" declared the Lord High Executioner, slapping the noble lord on the back. "I'll appoint Pooh-Bah the Lord High Substitute."

The miser was anxious to acquire as many offices as possible, but after due consideration he did not accept this offer. Fearing that another unfavorable suggestion might be made, Pooh-Bah took Pish-Tush with him away from the scene, leaving poor Ko-Ko to find a way out of the difficulty alone.

As he sat there wondering what he should do, Nanki-Poo, with downcast eyes and drooping shoulders, strolled into the courtyard carrying a rope with which he intended to hang himself if Yum-Yum married her guardian.

"If you really want to die, young man," pleaded Ko-Ko,

"let me behead you." Then he went on enthusiastically picturing for Nanki-Poo the great celebration which would take place on the day of his execution. But since if Nanki-Poo were executed he could not take part in the festivities, the plan did not appeal to him, and so he offered another suggestion.

"Let me marry Yum-Yum today," said he. "In a month she will be a widow, and you can marry her."

Ko-Ko rather reluctantly gave his approval to this proposition. He called the people together to announce the good tidings that the minstrel had consented to be beheaded a month from that day for the privilege of marrying Yum-Yum. The populace evidenced their joy in cheers loud and long. Now their beloved city of Titipu would remain the capital of the province of Toki-Saki.

Through the dense, jostling crowd a large, homely woman, heavily veiled, pushed her way to the platform where Ko-Ko was speaking (105). The mysterious lady was Katisha, who had through the help of detectives traced Nanki-Poo to the city of Titipu. She interrupted Ko-Ko's speech and demanded her lover. Poor Nanki-Poo shivered with terror lest she tell who he was. Yum-Yum had prepared her bridesmaids for just such an emergency.

Shoving Ko-Ko aside, Katisha stepped to the front of the platform to address the crowd, which had become very attentive.

"He is the son of the ——" But when she reached the last word of the sentence all the girls screamed at once, and no one heard it.

She tried again, speaking louder this time. "He is the son of the ——" Again the schoolgirls drowned the close of the sentence with their wild clamor.

The people were entertained by this, and helped the girls to make a great noise at the many attempts made by Katisha to reveal the true identity of Nanki-Poo. Enraged by the jeers of the crowd, the lady of the court departed in an angry mood, with threats to bring the Mikado himself to procure justice for her.

Yum-Yum weds Nanki-Poo

The next morning Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo were very busy preparing Yum-Yum for the wedding ceremony. They brushed and combed her hair and wove garlands of flowers among the dark coils. When they had finished their task, the bride-to-be was a pretty sight (106) to behold. When she looked into her mirror she admired herself immensely (107).

The girls reminded her that her happiness would be brief, because her husband was to be beheaded a month from that day. When Nanki-Poo came for his bride he found her weeping. He cheered her by promising to count each second a minute, each minute an hour, each hour a day, and each day a year. This arrangement was consoling, and the four rejoiced that a month could be made thirty years (108).

To their surprise Ko-Ko entered, his head bowed in deep thought. He had learned that according to the Mikado's law the wife of a man who was beheaded was

buried alive. In the midst of this perplexing situation Pooh-Bah rushed in.

"The Mikado and his suite are approaching the city," shouted the excited Lord Mayor and Everything Else.

"The Mikado!" exclaimed Ko-Ko. "Oh, what shall we do?"

"Behead me now, sir," suggested Nanki-Poo.

"No! no!" sobbed the Lord High Executioner, "I can't kill you; I can't! I never hurt even a fly in all my life."

"Poor Ko-Ko!" repeated all four, "he has a kind heart."

The matter was settled by the agreement that Ko-Ko should make a coroner's certificate that Nanki-Poo had been beheaded. The witnesses would be the Lord Chief Justice, the Commander in Chief, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Lord High Admiral, the Chief of Police, and all the other high officials. Since Pooh-Bah held all these positions, his signature was all that was necessary, and this was easily obtained by handing him some money.

After Pooh-Bah had signed for his numerous titles, Ko-Ko, much relieved, turned to Nanki-Poo and said: "Take the girl and marry her at once. The Archbishop of Titipu will perform the ceremony."

Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo went away rejoicing, and Pooh-Bah went with them, for he was also Archbishop of Titipu (109).

Just as they left the courtyard the Mikado and Katisha, with the whole suite of the ruling monarch, entered at the main gate. The populace gathered to greet their king, and fell on their knees before him, bowing low again and again

till their heads of black hair were gray with dust. When they drew their breath, dust filled their mouths, making them cough and sneeze while they struggled to sing the national anthem.

The Mikado ascended to the platform to announce the purpose of his visit (110), but his speech was constantly interrupted by Katisha, who at frequent intervals reminded the audience that she was his daughter-in-law elect. When he finished, or gave up, rather, Ko-Ko humbly advanced and knelt at his monarch's feet (111). Handing him the coroner's certificate, the Lord High Executioner said, "The execution has taken place according to Your Majesty's command."

To those who knew the truth it was amusing to hear Pitti-Sing, Pooh-Bah, and Ko-Ko explain all the horrible details of the execution which had not taken place (112). The Mikado listened politely to the lengthy description of the three false witnesses. When they had finished, he said: "Your story is very interesting, but we came here on a totally different matter. I am seeking my son, who left the Imperial Court a year ago."

"Why did he leave?" inquired Ko-Ko. "Had he any reason to complain?"

"None whatever," replied Katisha. "I was going to marry him, yet he fled."

Then she proceeded to tell the audience about her charming manners and her superior mentality, which exceeded mere personal beauty (113). When she finished her speech she picked up the coroner's certificate and began to read.

While she was completely absorbed in this document the Mikado was permitted for a brief time to carry on an uninterrupted conversation concerning his lost son.

"Ah!" exclaimed Katisha suddenly, in such a terrified tone that all, including the dignified Mikado, jumped a foot into the air. "See here—his name—Nanki-Poo—the name he went by—beheaded this morning!"

Pooh-Bah, Pitti-Sing, and Ko-Ko fell flat upon the ground at the Mikado's feet. They were convinced that the last hour had come for them.

"Dear! dear!" wailed the ruler. "You have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan."

The Lord High Executioner and his witnesses hastened to explain that they did not know the wandering musician was the Mikado's son, and to apologize for the mistake.

"We are sorry, very sorry," they sobbed, hoping for mercy.

After a few minutes' thought the austere monarch calmly announced the punishment for the grave offense: "You shall be put to death in a kettle of boiling oil."

The Mikado and Katisha, arm in arm, went into the pavilion to partake of the banquet Ko-Ko had prepared for his distinguished and unwelcome guests. But Ko-Ko, Pitti-Sing, and Pooh-Bah did not eat. They spent the time scheming to escape the awful fate of death in boiling oil. They agreed that Nanki-Poo must be brought to his father. Just as they were ready to begin the search for the prince, he and Yum-Yum were seen hurrying across the market place.

Ko-Ko rushed up to him. In an excited tone he cried: "Nanki-Poo, I have good news. You are pardoned."

"It's too late," replied Nanki-Poo. "I am a dead man, and I'm off on my honeymoon."

Ko-Ko explained the whole situation, and begged on bended knee the help of Nanki-Poo, who at first refused to listen to his frantic pleadings. Finally, for pity's sake, the young prince said, "If you can get Katisha to marry you, Ko-Ko, I'll consent to come to life and face my father."

Ko-Ko was so thoroughly frightened that he was glad to do anything. So he waited outside the banquet-room door for Katisha. When she came out he began to praise her charm and beauty and to tell of his great love for her (114). After considerable effort she consented to be married to him, since the Mikado's son was dead. Pooh-Bah, of course, performed the ceremony.

When the Mikado came out from the banquet room he commanded his guards to bring the three offenders to him. To his great surprise Katisha came with them. She flung herself at the feet of her monarch and begged for mercy for all three, especially for Ko-Ko, her husband.

"Your husband!" exclaimed the Mikado.

Before he could recover from this shock, he received another. Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo rushed in and asked his blessing. The poor old Mikado was bewildered.

Everybody explained and explained, and all talked at the same time (115). The puzzled monarch nodded his head and repeated over and over, "I understand." So he forgave them, and they all lived happily ever after.

THE LORELEI (116)

Folk Ballad by Silcher; Art Song by Liszt

IT WAS the twilight hour. The last faint rays of the setting sun lighted the tops of the mountains. Far below, the river Rhine flowed peacefully on to the sea. A boatman guided his small craft down the stream and drifted lazily with the current.

The stillness of the evening was broken by the lyric notes of a beautiful song that floated out over the river. The boatman dropped his oars and listened to the lovely music, which seemed to grow nearer and nearer to him as he floated down the stream. For a long time he sought the singer of the enticing melody which flooded the air. There on a rock above the cliff sat a beautiful maiden, the Lorelei. She combed her long yellow hair with a golden comb, singing the while.

The boatman stood up in his boat and gazed upon the lovely creature, whose slender form was silhouetted against the purple and gold of the western sky, while the exquisite melody of her song filled his soul, making of his tiny bark a castle of enchantment. Forgotten were the oars, the time of day, the journey's end.

The swift current gradually pushed his small craft closer and closer to the dangerous black rocks which protruded

from the river's bed just under the cliff where the enchantress sang. Woe to the boatman who paused to listen to the Lorelei's song! Lured on by the melody, he saw neither shoals nor rapids, and his small vessel was dashed upon the treacherous rocks and wrecked. Both boat and boatman sank from sight beneath the angry waters, for such was the fate of him who listened to the Lorelei's song.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

Opera by Gluck

LONG years ago in Greece the poet Orpheus lived happily with his wife Eurydice, until that sad day when she was taken from him by death and sent to dwell in the land of darkness over which the god Pluto reigned. In vain the friends of Orpheus sought to console him, but kind words could not make him forget his grief.

Unable longer to endure the absence of his wife, he decided to enter the realms of Pluto and search for her among the spirits of the departed. As he left on the strange journey the goddess Love appeared to him and promised to aid him in the search on this one condition, that when he found Eurydice he would return to earth without once looking into her face.

Fierce demons guarded the gates of Erebus, the only entrance into the kingdom of Pluto. Many times they refused Orpheus permission to enter the sacred land of their master. But the poet played such exquisite music on his lyre and recited such wonderful poetry that their hearts were softened, and they opened the huge gates.

Within he found Eurydice enjoying herself with the happy spirits (117). For some time he watched her moving about among her friends, and he hesitated to disturb her.

But he could not long resist the impulse to speak to his wife. He took her by the hand and bade her follow behind him, yet not once did he look backward. As they traveled on their way back to earth, Eurydice could not understand why her husband did not look at her and, thinking he no longer cared to see her, upbraided him for his apparent coldness. But Orpheus, knowing that to cast a single look at his wife meant instant death to her, kept his face averted. Many times she reproached him for his seeming indifference as they walked along. At last her doubts overcame the resistance of Orpheus, who turned suddenly and clasped his wife in his arms. Instantly she sank lifeless at his feet.

Orpheus cried out in his despair, "Oh, what have I done! I have lost my Eurydice" (118). "Cruel fate! I shall die of sorrow."

Touched by the deep grief of the poet, the goddess Love appeared to him again. "Because you have been faithful and true, your trials are ended," said she.

Bending over Eurydice, she whispered to her, "Awake! your husband is here to take you home again."

"My Orpheus," said Eurydice as her husband lifted her to her feet.

The goddess Love disappeared as suddenly as she had appeared. Orpheus and Eurydice walked away hand in hand, happy in being reunited.

THE SWITEZ LAKE

A Legend generally supposed to have inspired the Ballade in F Major, Op. 38 (119), *by Chopin*

HIDDEN away in a dense forest in far-away Lithuania lay the beautiful Lake Switez. Its clear, quiet surface reflected the deep blue of the sky, the golden hues of the sunset hour, and the twinkling stars of the night. Dainty fairies and wide-eyed goblins danced and made merry upon its shores, while frisky elves and playful water sprites capered and scampered across the placid lake. At least so said the hunters and herders who had lost their way in the deep woods and been forced to spend a night near the haunted lake. And many a thrilling tale they told to their terrified companions gathered round the evening camp fire. Few people, indeed, ever ventured near this weird habitation of the folks of Elfland, and for years and years the story of the haunted Lake Switez remained an unsolved mystery.

At this time there lived in Lithuania a brave and daring knight who belonged to a noble family noted for centuries for its courage and valor. This knight determined to explore Lake Switez and the forests round about it, and learn, if possible, the secret which it held. His friends advised him not to undertake such a dangerous venture, but the gallant knight heeded not their warnings.

He ordered a mammoth net to be made of the stoutest cords that could be found. He took with him a number of strong men to carry and handle this huge net. As they said good-by to their relatives and friends before leaving on their perilous journey many words of caution were heard.

"Beware of the wood goblins who lie in wait in the dense thickets to devour those who trespass upon their estate," said some.

"Keep watch lest the water sprites drag you into the chilly waters," warned others.

After many days of toil through the thick forest the adventurers reached Lake Switez. The weighty net was flung far out into the lake and sunk. At once the ropes began to tug and drag at the brawny arms of the stout men who held them, and they were almost drawn into the water and drowned. Again and again they pulled with all their strength, and finally hauled the heavy mesh onto the shore. Much to their surprise the burden of the net was a beautiful maiden with big blue eyes and long golden curls, which hung carelessly over her white shoulders. About her head was a wreath of water lilies, the pure white petals and yellow centers rivaling in color and beauty the skin and hair of their queen.

Stepping forth from the tangled net, she walked out upon the shore and faced her captors.

"Rash knight!" she said, "had you not been a relative of mine, you and all your companions would have this day found a grave in Lake Switez."

"What! related to this lovely maid?" questioned the knight in his own mind, pondering over her words.

Her pale face, calm and serene, wore a sweet expression as she proceeded with her story. Turning her glances toward the knight, she spoke, "Since you are a good man and we are akin by blood, I shall break the long silence of the centuries and tell you the secret of this lake and why I am its lily queen."

The men sat upon the ground and listened breathlessly to the tale which the maiden unfolded.

"Years and years ago a great city lifted its towers heavenward where now grow the huge forest trees. My father was the ruling prince, favorite of Mindog, king of Lithuania, and I was his only daughter, beloved princess of the people. One day in spring we heard the trumpet sound the summons to war. The mighty Russian hordes had swept down upon our happy little kingdom and were laying waste the land. My father and my only brother rushed away to join the king in defending our country, as did all the men in the town, leaving the women alone and defenseless.

"That very night a large number of Russians, under cover of darkness, crept back to the rear of the town. There were no soldiers to guard our gates, and in they poured upon us, driving us before them like cattle in a storm. The maidens of the town gathered about me, begging for protection from the barbarous tribe, but I was weak and powerless and could give no help whatever.

"Someone shouted: 'It is better to kill each other than

to be captured by the merciless foe. What say you? Each maiden, wield a lance!'

"Hands used to playing the lute and weaving embroidery shall never throw a spear, I resolved. So I offered a prayer to Him who rules the winds and waves, beseeching Him to destroy us by the elements, but to spare us the sight of maiden slaying maiden.

"In answer to my prayer an earthquake shook our city until it crumbled and sank, and from the lake a mighty wave swept inland, drowning both enemies and friends. The barbarians were swallowed up in the black flood waters, and a deadly silence hovered over the scene.

"Thus our city fell. My maidens were transformed into water lilies, and here in this beautiful lake they blossom pure and white through the long summer days. The hand that dares to pluck one of my lilies becomes withered and old and is no longer of any use to its owner. I am their lily queen, and I live in a crystal palace on the bottom of this lake. And now you know the mystery of the haunted Lake Switez.

"But I must tell you, splendid knight, how you came to be a kinsman of mine. My noble father was slain by a Russian spear, but my brother returned uninjured after the invaders had been driven from Lithuania. The young prince found his kingdom in ruins, his home destroyed, and his relatives and friends vanished in the flood. Alone in the world, he left his native home to seek his fortune in strange lands.

"After wandering for many years he wedded a foreign

bride. From this union there came a long line of illustrious heroes, of whom you are one.

"Because you have lived a pure and noble life and have guarded the honored name of your great ancestor, my brother, your life was spared today. But remember this. Seek no more to solve a mystery not meant for mortal eyes, and never again hope to see the lily queen of Lake Switez."

A sad but sweet smile covered her beautiful countenance as she waved farewell and walked into the lake. As she sank beneath the surface the clear water rippled gently over her head as if glad to receive her again into its sheltering arms.

WILLIAM TELL

Opera by Rossini

Tell's Rescue of Leuthold

IN THE year 1207 Switzerland was ruled by the Austrian governor Gessler, a tyrant whom all his subjects feared and hated. The Swiss looked forward to the happy day when they could throw off the foreign yoke and govern themselves. Their leader in this movement for freedom was the stanch patriot William Tell, admired and beloved by the people.

On the day of our story William Tell was working in the field, while Jemmy, his only son, watched the sheep as they grazed on the hillside. Below their humble home lay beautiful Lake Lucerne, in which the purple Alps were mirrored. Happy fishermen sang joyous barcaroles (120) as they prepared the boats for the day's work. The sun shone in all its glory; the birds sang; the mountain breezes murmured through the evergreens. Peace and quiet reigned in the little valley (121).

About noon a trumpet sounded, announcing the opening of the annual shepherds' festival in a neighboring village. The herdsmen drove their sheep to their pens; the farmers put aside their tools; the fishermen tied their

boats to the wharf. All labor ceased; and the peasants, dressed in their best clothes, hastened to the festival to dance, sing, and make merry.

Melchthal, the white-haired, aged patriarch, was the center of interest, for he was to perform the marriage ceremony uniting three happy couples. The simple country folk devotedly loved their old patriarch, whose life had been spent in serving them. It had long been the custom for youths and maidens to choose the shepherds' festival as their wedding day, and Melchthal regretted that his only son, Arnold, was not to be among those who would that day be joined in wedlock. Yet Arnold had a sweetheart, and only fear of the displeasure of his father and friends restrained him from marrying.

Arnold and William Tell were fast friends. Both had pledged themselves to fight until Switzerland should be freed from the cruel tyranny of Gessler. Tell chided Arnold for his seeming neglect of effort to overthrow Gessler, and he accused him of being in love with Mathilde, the governor's daughter. Arnold then confessed that he did love Mathilde and wished to marry her (122). Tell reminded him that he belonged to the band of patriots who had taken a solemn oath to destroy the power of Gessler, and that his first duty was to his country. Unable longer to endure the upbraidings of Tell, Arnold unreservedly cast his lot with the patriots and left to bid farewell to the beautiful Mathilde, while Tell joined his family and friends, who were taking part in the festival games.

While the simple, honest peasants played, sang, and

danced, Gessler and his barons hunted in the mountains close by. Now and then the hunting-horn could be heard, its intruding note bringing terror to the hearts of the peasants and casting a gloom over their holiday pleasures. Soon an aged shepherd, Leuthold, rushed into the square crying out in great distress, "Save me from the tyrant!" In defending his daughter, Leuthold had killed a dear friend of the tyrant governor, and Gessler and his barons were riding as fast as they could to overtake the shepherd, to mete out a fitting punishment to him.

"Oh, fishermen, row me across the lake!" Leuthold begged.

Dark clouds were gathered over the mountain tops, showing that a storm might be expected before the day was over. Fearing both to displease the tyrant and to row on the lake during a storm, the fishermen refused. In despair the helpless Leuthold called out, "Oh, won't anyone save me from the tyrant?"

In answer to his appeal, William Tell stepped forth from the crowd, saying, "I will row you across the lake." Just as the hunters arrived, William Tell and Leuthold pulled off from the shore.

In all the country wide William Tell was the finest swimmer, the most skillful archer, and the best oarsman. His bravery on many occasions had won for him the respect and admiration of his fellow men. The daring rescue of Leuthold was but further evidence of the fighting spirit and dauntless courage of the man whom the Swiss patriots had chosen as their leader.

Gessler's Revenge

Gessler was very angry because Tell had helped Leuthold to escape. To avenge the insult to his authority and the injury to his pride he ordered the fields and homes of his subjects burned. Melchthal, the revered old patriarch, was put to death by order of Gessler because he was suspected of having encouraged the people to revolt.

Meanwhile Tell had rowed the shepherd to safety and, with a fellow patriot, Walter, was returning to the scene of the festival. Walter had brought to Tell the news of the destruction of their homes by the order of Gessler. On the way back they met Arnold and Mathilde, who knew nothing of the day's tragic events. Tell and Walter informed Arnold of the death of his father (123). The fact that her own father had been the cause of this great tragedy deeply grieved Mathilde, the gentle daughter of the cruel oppressor. Almost overcome with the weight of her grief, she started on her way alone to the village square.

"My father killed!" cried Arnold again and again. "Oh, it cannot be true!"

All thought of Mathilde vanished from his mind, which was now filled with a burning desire to avenge his father's death. He returned with Tell and Walter to join the men of the cantons, who were assembling on the outskirts of the village. Stirred to action by the murder of Melchthal, each patriot lifted his right hand and took solemn oath to fight until the freedom of Switzerland had been won or

death had overtaken him in the attempt (124). Under the leadership of Tell the cry went up, "To arms! to arms!" But Tell warned them not to be too hasty, and advised that they scatter.

With heavy heart Arnold sought his home. The smoldering ruins greeted his eyes. For a long time he gazed upon the desolate scene, dazed by the realization of his great loss. He bade a touching farewell to his boyhood home, vowing to spend his remaining days in fighting for his native land (125).

Meanwhile Gessler and his barons were enjoying a unique entertainment in the village square (126). They had driven the Swiss peasants out of their best seats and taken them for themselves. The feasting and the dancing were over. On the opposite side of the square the tyrant had erected a pole upon which he placed his cap, the symbol of his authority. He forced the peasants to march about the yard bowing low before his red cap each time as they passed it.

It was not long before William Tell and his son Jemmy entered the square. Gessler noticed that Tell did not bow before the red cap. This further disregard for his position enraged the governor. He put his evil mind to work, seeking a sufficiently cruel way to punish the defiant Tell for his disobedience, and finally evolved a scheme which pleased him. Calling Tell, he asked, "Who is the boy?"

"My only son, Jemmy," answered Tell, politely.

"I am told you are the most skillful archer in the whole land of Switzerland." said Gessler. Turning to the boy,

he said: "Jemmy, here is an apple. Walk to that tree yonder and place the apple on your head."

From Gessler's tone and look Jemmy realized that his father was in danger and instantly obeyed the command.

"Now, Tell, prove your marksmanship," said Gessler. "Shoot the apple from your son's head." Handing him a case of arrows, he commanded, "Take one."

But Tell took two, putting one in his bow and hiding the other under his coat.

He lifted his bow to shoot. Trembling with fear lest he kill his son, he dropped his bow. "I cannot, I cannot," he pleaded.

It pleased the inhuman Gessler to see Tell so grief-stricken. He again commanded, "Shoot, as I told you!"

Jemmy, fearful of his father's safety, spoke words of cheer. "Father, remember your skill. Fear not; I will not move. I know you won't hurt me, dear father."

These words of encouragement from his son steadied the hand of Tell. Lifting the bow, he stood tall and unafraid. For nearly a minute, while the crowd watched breathlessly, he took aim (127). Then, all of a sudden, the arrow shot across the square, splitting the apple into halves.

"I knew you could do it, father," shouted Jemmy, as he rushed across to his father's side.

But his father did not hear him. After learning that his son was really safe, Tell had fainted at the feet of the tyrant. When he became conscious again, Gessler demanded, "What need had you for the second arrow hidden under your coat?"

Glaring at him with all the hate human eyes can express, Tell replied, "To pierce your heart, Gessler, had I killed my son."

Calling his guards, the governor ordered Tell and Jemmy put to death. Mathilde, who had been watching all that had taken place, rushed up to her father. She begged the governor to allow her to take care of Jemmy, and Gessler granted his daughter's request. Putting her arm around the lad's shoulders, Mathilde led him away and took him back to his mother.

As Tell was dragged off to prison, mutterings of discontent and even threats were heard among the people who were assembled in the village. The Swiss patriots chose Arnold for their leader and hurried off to rescue William Tell.

Gessler, suspecting that the friends of Tell might storm the village prison and rescue him during the night, ordered the guards to row him across the lake to a terrible dungeon from which no man had ever escaped.

William Tell's Escape

During the journey the storm, which had long been threatening, broke in fury upon the lake. The wind lashed the smooth waters of Lake Lucerne into mighty waves; the lightning flashed across the sky; the thunder crashed about their heads; the rain poured in torrents (128).

As the storm became more and more violent the guards grew more and more afraid. Tell, taking advantage of their fear, made them an offer of help.

"If you will unbind my hands," he said, "I'll take the oars. I can keep the boat from capsizing."

Knowing his skill as an oarsman, they loosened the shackles from his wrists. He rowed steadily, keeping the boat upright. But instead of guiding the boat to the opposite border, he steered it to an island not far from the shore they had left but a short time before.

Suddenly he jumped from the boat, upsetting it and drowning his captors. He swam to the island, from which he made his way back to the mainland.

Fired with the desire of revenge, William Tell sought out the tyrant Gessler and sent an arrow straight through his heart.

The Swiss patriots rallied to the support of their commander (129). The people rejoiced over the slaying of the tyrannical Gessler. Under the competent leadership of Tell they banded together and drove his lawless barons out of Switzerland. Since that time the Swiss people have enjoyed their freedom unmolested.

Flocks grazed peacefully on the hills (130); peasants worked happily in the fields; fishermen sang as they hauled in their nets; all were happy once more. Switzerland was again free. Even to this day the people of Switzerland sing the praises of their great hero, William Tell, who won for them their liberty.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

National Anthem by Key

IN 1814 England and the United States were at war. After the English army and fleet had burned the city of Washington, they advanced against Baltimore. But Fort McHenry guarded the city of Baltimore, and it would be necessary to destroy this fort before the city could be taken. For this purpose the best ships of the English fleet sailed up Chesapeake Bay, dropping anchor opposite Fort McHenry.

On the British flagship a doctor who was an American citizen was being held as a prisoner of war. A young lawyer of Washington, Francis Scott Key, and a friend, embarking in a small boat, rowed out to the British flagship to plead with the admiral to release the doctor. It happened that the fleet was then ready to begin firing on Fort McHenry. Key and his friend were forced to remain during the night aboard the British ship, guarded by English sailors.

All night long they heard the loud booming of the guns on the ships and the answering thunder of the cannon in the fort.

The minutes seemed hours, and the hours seemed days, as they anxiously watched and waited. With the first

gray light of dawn they fixed their eyes upon the fort, hoping to get a glimpse of the flagpole. Through the smoke and mist they saw the Stars and Stripes still waving in the breeze. Unbounded was their joy when they realized that the fort had withstood the bombardment and that the British had met defeat. In his wild enthusiasm Key pulled an envelope from his pocket and wrote on the back of it the first stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The British admiral ordered Key, his friend, and the doctor to return to the shore. On the way back, while his two companions handled the oars, Key wrote the remaining stanzas of his song.

Several days later, handbills of the poem were printed and distributed through the town. A week later a newspaper, the *Baltimore American*, published it with instructions to sing it to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven," a jolly old English song which everyone knew.

Before long the people in all the states were singing this spirited song, which soon became the best known of all the patriotic airs. It has become the national anthem, to be played whenever the colors are raised or lowered.

MUSIC SELECTIONS THAT MAY ACCOMPANY THE STORIES IN THE TEXT

1. Prelude (*Orchestra*)
2. Susie, Little Susie (*Duet: Soprano and mezzo-soprano*)
3. Dance Song (*Duet: Soprano and mezzo-soprano*)
4. Duet of Gertrude and Peter (*Duet: Mezzo-soprano and baritone*)
5. There stands a Little Man in the Wood (*Aria: Soprano*)
6. Cuckoo Song (*Duet: Soprano and mezzo-soprano*)
7. Song of the Sleep Fairy (*Aria: Soprano*)
8. The Prayer (*Duet: Soprano and mezzo-soprano*)
9. Dream Pantomime (*Orchestra*)
10. Song of the Dew Fairy (*Aria: Soprano*)
11. The Witch's Ride (*Orchestra*)
12. The Witch Waltz (*Duet: Soprano and mezzo-soprano*)
13. Song of the Gingerbread Children (*Chorus*)
14. Closing Hymn (*Chorus*)
15. Narcissus (*Piano*)
16. Viviane (*Orchestra*)
17. Go to the Forest (*Aria: Soprano*)
18. I know the Song of the Lark (*Aria: Soprano*)
19. Song of the Shepherd Lehl (*Aria: Contralto*)
20. Ah, my Heart Aches (*Aria: Soprano*)
21. Hymn to the Czar (*Chorus*)
22. Dance of the Tumblers (*Orchestra*)
23. Praise to the Sun God (*Chorus*)
24. Danse Macabre (*Orchestra*)
25. The Spinning-Wheel of Omphale (*Orchestra*)
26. Ingrid's Lament (Suite 2)
27. Dance of the Mountain King's Daughter (Suite 2) (*Orchestra*)

28. In the Hall of the Mountain King (Suite 1) (*Orchestra*)
29. Solveig's Song (Suite 2) (*Soprano*)
30. Ase's Death (Suite 1) (*Orchestra*)
31. Arabian Dance (Suite 2) (*Orchestra*)
32. Anitra's Dance (Suite 1) (*Orchestra*)
33. Morning (Suite 1) (*Orchestra*)
34. Peer Gynt's Home-coming (Suite 2) (*Orchestra*)
35. Solveig's Cradle Song (Suite 2) (*Soprano*)
36. From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water (*Song*)
37. Her Blanket (*Song*)
38. The Sacrifice (*Song*)
39. By the Weeping Waters (*Song*)
40. Overture (*Orchestra*)
41. High or Lowly in Station (*Chorus*)
42. Ay, around the World (*Aria: Tenor*)
43. Knowest thou the Land? (*Aria: Soprano*)
44. Ye Swallows lightly Flying (*Duet: Soprano and bass*)
45. Ah! Friends All (*Chorus*)
46. Gavotte (*Orchestra*)
47. Farewell, Mignon (*Aria: Tenor*)
48. Hast thou ever Wept? (*Duet: Soprano and bass*)
49. I am Titania (*Aria: Soprano*)
50. Berceuse (*Aria: Bass*)
51. Now on we Sail (*Chorus*)
52. Romance (*Aria: Tenor*)
53. My Heart no longer pines Forsaken (*Duet: Soprano and tenor*)
54. The Sorcerer's Apprentice (*Orchestra*)
55. Frederick's Charge against Elsa (*Aria: Baritone*)
56. Elsa's Dream (*Aria: Soprano*)
57. Thanks, my Trusty Swan (*Aria: Tenor*)
58. The King's Prayer (*Aria: Bass*)
59. Ye Wandering Breezes (*Aria: Soprano*)
60. Thou Unhappy One (*Duet: Soprano and mezzo-soprano*)
61. Prelude to Act III (*Orchestra*)
62. Bridal Chorus (*Chorus*)

63. The Song has died Away (*Duet: Tenor and soprano*)
64. Say, dost thou breathe the Incense Sweet? (*Aria: Tenor*)
65. Lohengrin's Narrative (*Aria: Tenor*)
66. Prelude to Act I (*Orchestra*)
67. The Wild Huntsman (*Orchestra*)
68. Funeral March of a Marionette (*Orchestra*)
69. The Two Grenadiers (*Song*)
70. Overture (*Orchestra*)
71. Light as Fairy Foot can Fall (*Chorus*)
72. Oh, Why art thou Sleeping? (*Aria: Soprano*)
73. Honor and Joy (*Chorus*)
74. Oh, 'tis a Glorious Sight (*Aria: Tenor*)
75. Haste, Gallant Knight (*Aria: Soprano*)
76. Glory to the Caliph (*Chorus*)
77. Over the Dark Blue Waters (*Quartet*)
78. Spirits of Air (*Mezzo-soprano solo and chorus*)
79. Ruler of this Awful Hour (*Aria: Tenor*)
80. Ocean! thou Mighty Monster (*Aria: Soprano*)
81. From Boyhood Trained in Battle (*Aria: Tenor*)
82. Oh, 'tis Pleasant to Float on the Sea (*Solo: Mezzo-soprano*)
83. Chorus of Mermaids and Fairies (*Chorus*)
84. For thee hath Beauty (*Chorus and ballet*)
85. Hark! What Notes are Swelling? (*Chorus*)
86. March (*Orchestra*)
87. Hail to the Knight (*Chorus*)
88. Tarantelle (*Piano*)
89. Krazy Kat Suite (*Piano and orchestra*)
90. The Erlking (*Song*)
91. Overture Miniature (*Orchestra*)
92. Characteristic Dance (*Orchestra*)
93. March (*Orchestra*)
94. Trepak (*Orchestra*)
95. Arab Dance (*Orchestra*)
96. Chinese Dance (*Orchestra*)
97. Waltz of the Flowers (*Orchestra*)

98. Dance of the Toy Pipes (*Orchestra*)
99. Dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairy (*Orchestra*)
100. Overture (*Orchestra*)
101. Behold the Lord High Executioner (*Baritone solo and chorus*)
102. As Some Day it may Happen (*Solo with chorus*)
103. A Wandering Minstrel I (*Tenor solo with chorus*)
104. Three Little Maids from School (*Women's trio*)
105. With Aspect Stern and Gloomy Stride (*Chorus*)
106. Braid the Raven Hair (*Women's chorus*)
107. The Sun, whose Rays are all Ablaze (*Soprano solo*)
108. Brightly Dawns our Wedding Day (*Madrigal quartet*)
109. The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring (*Quintet*)
110. Miya Sama (*Chorus*)
111. A More Humane Mikado never did in Japan Exist (*Baritone solo*)
112. The Criminal Cried (*Trio and chorus*)
113. Alone, and yet Alive (*Contralto solo*)
114. Willow, Tit-Willow (*Baritone solo*)
115. For he's Gone and Married Yum-Yum (*Chorus*)
116. The Lorelei (*Song*)
117. Dance of the Blessed Spirits (*Orchestra*)
118. I have Lost my Eurydice (*Aria: Contralto*)
119. Ballade in F Major (*Piano*)
120. Barcarole: Come, Love, in my Boat (*Chorus*)
121. Overture (Part I): The Dawn (*Orchestra*)
122. Mathilde, I Love Thee (*Aria: Tenor*)
123. His Life Basely Taken (*Trio: Tenor, baritone, and bass*)
124. By a Vile Foreigner Subdued (*Aria: Baritone*)
125. Oh, Blessed Abode (*Aria: Tenor*)
126. William Tell Ballet Music (*Orchestra*)
127. Flinch not, nor Stir a Limb (*Aria: Baritone*)
128. Overture (Part II): The Storm (*Orchestra*)
129. Overture (Part IV): Finale (*Orchestra*)
130. Overture (Part III): The Calm (*Orchestra*)
131. The Star-Spangled Banner (*Song*)

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

KEY. nāme, necklăce, făt, åsk, ärm, câre, sofą; hēre, ĕnough, bĕd, hĕr, decęnt; īce, ĭt; rōpe, ŏbey, nŏt, hôrse; fo͝ot, fo͞od; ūse, ŭnite, ŭp, fûr, menü; boṅ (the French nasal).

Allah (ăl′ą)
Anitra (å nē′trå)
Antonio (ăn tō′nĭ ō)
Apulia (ą pū′lĭ ą)
Ase (ô′sę)

Babekan (bä′bā kän)
Babylon (băb′ĭ lŏn)
Bagdad (băg′dăd)
Bedouin (bĕd′o͞o ĭn)
Berendey (bēr ĕn′dĭ)
Blaise (blāz)
Boby (bō′bĭ)
Bobylycka (bō bĭ lē′ką)
Bohemia (bō hē′mĭ ą)
Brabant (brą băn′t)
Broceliande (brō sā lē åṅd′)

Cadman (kăd′măn)
Caliph (kā′lĭf)
Charlemagne (shär′lē mān)
Chausson (shō sôṅ′)
Chippewa (chĭp′ĕ wä)
Chopin (shŏ păṅ′)
Cypriani (sĭp′rĭ ä′nē)

Danse Macabre (dåṅs′må′kä′br′)
Dejanira (dē yå nī′rå)
Delphi (dĕl′fī)
Dovre (dōvr)
Dukas (dü′kä)

Elsa (ĕl′så)
Emir (ĕ mēr′)
Erebus (ĕr′ĕ bŭs)
Erlking (ûrl′kĭng)
Eucrates (ū′ krå tēz)
Eurydice (ū rĭd′ĭ sē *or* ū rĭ dē′chē)

Fatima (fä′tĕ mä)
Filina (fĭ lē′nä)
Franck (fränk)
Frederick (frĕd′ĕr ĭk)

Gaul (gôl)
Gessler (gĕs′lēr)
Giarno (jär′nō)
Gilbert (gĭl′bĕrt)
Gluck (gl͞o͞k)
Godfrey (gŏd′frĭ)
Gounod (go͞o nō′)
Grail (grāl)
Gretel (grā′tĕl)
Grieg (grēg)

Hansel (hän′sĕl)
Haroun (hä ro͞on′)
Hercules (hûr′kŭ lēz)
Humperdinck (ho͞om′pĕr dĭnk)
Huon (ü′ôn)

Ilsenstein (ĭl′sĕn stīn′)
Iphitus (ĭf′ĭ tŭs)
Isis (ī′sĭs)

Jemmy (jĕm′ĭ)
Juno (jo͞o′nō)
Jupiter (jo͞o′pĭ tēr)

Katisha (kăt′ĭ shâ)
Ko-Ko (kō′-kō)
Koupava (kōō pä vä′)

Laertes (lā ûr′tēz)
Lehl (lāl)
Leuthold (loit′hōlt)
Lieurance (lā rănts′)
Liszt (lĭst)
Lithuania (lĭth ū ā′-nĭ ą)
Lohengrin (lō′ĕn-grĭn)
Lorelei (lō′rĕ lī)
Lothario (lō thā′rē ō)
Lucerne (lū sûrn′)
Lydia (lĭd′ĭ ą)

Mari (mä rē′)
Marionette (măr ĭ ō-nĕt′)
Marquis (mär′kwĭs)
Melchthal (mĕlk′tăl)
Merlin (mûr′lĭn)
Mignon (mĭn′yŏn *or* mē′nyŏṅ′)
Mikado (mĭ kä′dō)
Mindog (mĭn′dŏg)
Misguir (mĭz′gēr)
Montsalvat (mŏṅ săl′-vät)
Morocco (mŏ rŏk′ō)

Nanki-Poo (năn′kĭ-pōō)
Narcissus (när sĭs′ŭs)
Navaho (năv′ą hō)
Nevin (nĕv′ĭn)

Oberon (ō′bēr ŏn)
Omaha (ō′mą hô)
Omphale (ŏm′fą lē)
Oneida (ō nī′dą)
Orpheus (ôr′fūs)
Ortrud (ôr′trōōd)

Pancrates (păn′crā-tēz)
Peep-Bo (pēēp′-bō)
Peer Gynt (pā′ĕr günt *or* yünt)
Percival (pûr′sĭ văl)
Pish-Tush (pĭsh′-tŭsh)
Pitti-Sing (pĭt′ĭ-sĭng)
Pluto (plōō′tō)
Pooh-Bah (pōō′-bä)
Puck (pŭk)

Rezia (rĕ zē′ą)
Rimski-Korsakov (rĭm′skĭ-kôr′są kŏf)
Romany (rŏm′ą nĭ)
Rossini (rŏs sē′nē)

Saint-Saens (săṅ-săṅ′)
Saracen (săr′ą sĕn)
Scheldt (skĕlt)
Schubert (shōō′bērt)
Schumann (shōō′män)
Sherasmin (shā răz′-mēn)
Silcher (zĭl′khĕr)
Solveig (sōl′vĕg)
Sperata (spā rä′tä)
Switez (swĭ′tĕz)

Tarantelle (tă răn tĕl′)
Telramund (tĕl′rä-mōōnt)
Titania (tĭ tā′nĭ ą)
Titipu (tĭt′ĭ pōō)
Toki-Saki (tō′kĭ-sä′kĭ)
Tschaikowsky (chī-kôf′skĭ)
Tunis (tū′nĭs)

Viviane (vē v′ ä′nē)
Von Rosenberg (fŏn rō′zĕn bĕrk)

Wagner (väg′nēr)
Weber (vā′bēr)
Wilhelm (vĭl′hĕlm)

Yum-Yum (yŭm-yŭm′)

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